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STONES OF GREECE

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

PURE, cold beyond the dream of death or birth,
We lay in currents of the life or earth
Where nothing came to quicken, or pollute,
No, not the deepest-penetrating root;
No life we knew that ended or began;
Nothing we knew of change till we knew Man.

In on our rest, through the unrestful clay,
Man, chief of all the restless, forced his way;
Upon our quiet dark he loosed wild light,
Changeful as he, that lost itself in night.
We learnt fast then; we learnt to know the edge
Of biting steel, compulsion of the wedge;
His cunning violence split our joints; his hands,
His puny hands, imposed on us commands.
We that had never stirred, moved when he bade;
He lifted us, he carried us, afraid
Lest we should crush him, yet with subtle skill
Made our vast weight subservient to his will.
All that we were was moulded to a plan
Making us partners in the life of Man.
He brought us to a world of sun and moon,
Of pregnant dust in crevices; and soon
Our very substance changed; changeless within,
Upon our surface grew a changing skin
That bloomed like flesh in fond response to light
And golden flushes stole upon the white,
We could not stay aloof; on every side
Life fingered at us, life that lived and died.

Yet this, so far, was but the common lot
Of every block out of the quarry shot
To where the building grew; we for Man's art,
No common privilege, were set apart.
In us, that were before but living stone,
He mingled with that life life of his own,
Seeking for what, though human, should endure—
Since well he knew his mortal span, how poor.
We grew into his creatures—man and brute,
Immortal tramplings, wrestling, strife, pursuit.
For, though in stately ritual pomp was shown,
His theme was conflict; madness overthrown,
Reason victorious; each unchanging hour
Showed law triumphant over lawless power.

Unchanging, ah! Nothing we know of time,
But change we know, child of primeval slime.
Man that had fashioned us in noble joy
We saw ignobly lusting to destroy,
Yet lacking means, till at the last there came
Some roaring terror with a breath of flame,
And shattered us, who were the very soul
Of that most beautifully ordered whole.
And after that, our way of being changed,
From all we were, or had become, estranged.
Yet still with aching memory we crave
The place we came from and the place Man gave.
Light was life there; the light is drabness here
And quickens nothing. Faces come and go;
Men still point at us, yet too well we know
How little lasts of all the life that ran
Through us when we were fashioned first by Man.
They tend us here like cripples; there, raised high
Fronting the elements, we dared the sky.
But now, what new degrading change is meant?
What fresh disgrace? what worse imprisonment?
We, stones packed under mounds of shapeless clay,
Lack even that poor counterfeit of day.
In the old world Man made us large and free

Shaping an image of what Man should be
Beside those images of what Man should be
The ramping Centaur-shapes, half man, half horse.
Those were the enemy, a rabble crew,
Foes of the godlike, traitors to the true.
Ere he must undergo the mortal lot,
Man made us, lest his wisdom be forgot.
When we are seen, our silences proclaim
The maker's thought and his undying aim.
Why are we hidden? is some challenge hurled
Against all noble order in Man's world?
Uncover us; this is no hour to hide;
Our place is with our maker, and our pride.

THE FIRST BATTLE FOR NORWAY

By Nordahl Grieg

"WORK and security for all" was the slogan of the Norwegian Government, which to-day is sitting exiled in London. The great majority of the Norwegian people supported this programme. In our country "security" did not mean a mere lazy well-being. Security had to be wrung from harsh natural surroundings, from storm and cold and darkness.

I recall one night last winter when I was standing on board a local boat off the coast of Finmark. Everywhere in the howling darkness breakers were foaming over the reefs. The pilot was out on the bridge the whole time, he could never venture to go into the chart-house for fear of being dazzled by the light for some fateful seconds afterwards. When course had to be changed, he gave his orders from memory. "How many changes of course must you keep in your head on this route?" I asked him. "About 1250" he replied.

This zigzag path among breakers, a hair's breadth from death, was the only track leading to hundreds of Norwegian homes, and here were the fishermen going in and out through the endless winter night in their boats to get food for their families. It was no slight task to create "security" for the dwellers in this wild sea-girdled country. It meant wireless, lighthouses, weather reports, it meant modern fishing boats, it meant first-rate medical attention, popular education and schools, it involved old age pensions, when people were no longer able to carry on this bitter struggle for existence.

It was this effort to create a happy people, along the coast, in the mountains and in the towns, which occupied all our energies—and I think, myself, that we had progressed some distance along the road. In recent years I have often thought of a poem by Wilfred Owen, which he wrote before he fell in the last great war. It is called *The Next War*. He described how men could reconcile themselves to the horror of the trenches, because they knew that there would be

. . . greater wars, when each proud fighter brags
he wars on Death—for Life . . . .

It was this peace-time battle for *life*, which we hoped to be able to wage in this country of ours, which is so dearly bought and which we love so deeply. But for us too it was to be the *next* war. Simultaneously with this attempt of ours to create security for all, the great insecurity was approaching, and we knew it. Fascism was passing from triumph to triumph in the countries of the world, and the popular formula in Europe during that time was, as we know: not to "encircle the beasts." The Norwegian people was anti-fascist to the core. Because we knew the difficulty of preserving life, we were bound to despise a system based in the last resort on the great destroyer: war.

Our people's deep-rooted antagonism to war was to cost us dearly. Our preparations for war were weak, even if the present Government, sprung from the Labour Party, did more for our defence than the earlier Conservative and Liberal Administrations. We had no rallying authority to say to us—"Nazism is the enemy, arm with all your might against it." To arm against all possible aggressors was beyond our powers, we thought. So we were better fitted to protect ourselves against nature and its tyranny than against men.

When the war came between Germany and the Western Powers, we declared ourselves neutral. Those who blame us have not known the feeling of danger, which at the time prevailed in a small democracy at the thought of taking a hand in the game of Great Powers. Czechoslovakia had collapsed when France withdrew herself from the military alliance at the precise moment when her ally needed her. In the last feverish attempts to avoid war before the German invasion of Poland, the Western Powers, so far as is known, made no stipulation for the restoration of Czechoslovakia as a condition of a peaceful settlement. The shade of Dr. Benesh, so loyal towards Democracy, so compromised by his loyalty, and so completely deserted, was certainly haunting many a mind in the small democratic states of Europe at the time.

The Norwegian Government was determined with all its might to try to keep the country out of war, but what did its might amount to? It was a voyage among rocks, with the wheel twisting continually, even if International Law was in the chart-house! an International Law, which the Nazis would tear up as soon as it suited them. With sad and bitter resignation we began to protest every time the Germans sank our

ships and killed our sailors. The last war had accustomed us to that. We took a desperate chance for peace, trusting in some kind of miracle, and we are all responsible. Our decision was only to fight when we ourselves had first been attacked.

The storm broke in all its fury from an unexpected quarter. The Russians went to war against Finland. Did they intend to go further, to the Swedish ore mines and the Norwegian Atlantic harbours? In this situation it was natural to cling to the idea of a " United North."

Now we know once for all, that this concept does not exist if one regards it as implying a complete community of interest, for example as a defensive alliance aimed at any aggressor whoever he might be. Finland would only be willing to enter into a military alliance against Russia. The same, one may say, is true of Sweden. Denmark, with her formidable neighbour to the South, has perhaps in moments of panic dreamt of a Nordic bloc against Germany, but she would never be able to assume other obligations. Norway was perhaps the only country which would have an interest in defending herself with Scandinavian support against the unknown aggressor whoever he might be. But with Sweden as the strongest power such an alliance would inevitably be led in one settled direction. So the Finnish war gave the idea of a United North the best possible conditions for existence and for some months it enjoyed a hectic life, before it vanished into the great unknown.

In Sweden there was a fierce struggle between neutrality and war and we too indulged in the same dispute. The Norwegian papers were so full of passionate articles pleading for intervention, that we soldiers who were guarding our neutrality north in Finmark during these winter months, felt as if we were drifting inevitably towards war. England and France wanted us to go to war for Finland. From time to time there came hints from " authoritative quarters " in Germany, that the Nazis had no objection to such a course. No doubt influential orders within the Northern Powers made a last attempt at appeasement in these days, in which Finland was to be the reconciling factor for Franco-British and German sympathies. The formula was: Save Finland by concluding peace on the Western front. If at the worst Norway and Sweden had to support Finland alone, they could at any rate *hope* that all the other countries would follow their example.

However, the Swedish Government hesitated to go to the length of war, giving as its reason that Germany would

certainly object after all. The Norwegian Government also clung to its neutrality, and with greater determination.

An interesting light has later been thrown upon the rumours from Germany that the Nazis had no objection to a Swedo-Norwegian intervention on behalf of Finland. If Hitler had really contemplated the launching of a war against the Soviet at that time, he would hardly have contented himself with a few uncertain hints, but would have set his diplomatic machinery in motion with a much more brilliant precision. The whole thing was certainly only a little swindler's trick; he wished to work up the agitation for Finland's cause to a certain point, to let the passions, unhindered by excessive caution, be turned eastwards, so that the Germans, unnoticed, could put the finishing touches to their plans for invading Norway, on which they had already been working for more than two years. This succeeded to such an extent, that it was in a state of psychological exhaustion that the Norwegian people took up arms when the fateful moment came. Many of them were so paralyzed mentally, through thinking about Finland, that during the first days of the invasion they had, it seemed, some difficulty in concentrating on Norway. I can never forget the schoolmaster who came up to me one day when as a soldier I was on sentry duty among the ruins at Molde, immediately after this little town had been razed to the ground by German bombers. He spoke to me about that matter which had been his favourite topic for weeks. "Poor, poor Finland" he exclaimed.

But whilst the Finnish war was still going on and the Norwegians were being tossed about between conflicting passions, came a new stroke to confuse them: the Altmark affair.

One may say that the whole Norwegian people thought it was a senseless and even shocking provision of International Law, which laid down that the ships of a belligerent power could sail through neutral territorial waters with prisoners on board, and we considered it reasonable that this rule should be abolished, even if we should have actually preferred it to have been done at the time when international experts devised the law. But with the policy of neutrality which we had chosen, our Government was bound to protest.

The war in Finland ended. The Russians broke through the Finnish defences and peace was concluded. The Swedish ore and the harbours of Northern Norway seemed to be outside the danger zone. But at the beginning of April there came another warning shot across our bows. For some considerable time

we had been bitterly criticized by the Western Powers, especially in the French press, because of the ore traffic along the Norwegian coast. One would have thought the complaint should really have been addressed to Sweden, which produced and sold the ore to both belligerents. Narvik was only the port of export. With the coming of spring, we hoped that this question would be simplified, since the Germans, when the ice melted, could take their ore from Swedish ports. The spring came. And then, the Western Powers suddenly laid mines in Norwegian territorial waters at three points along the coast.

The Norwegian Government and Storting decided in their evening meeting of April 8 that the mines should be swept up. During the night Norwegian editors were writing leaders, no longer about the Finnish war, but containing mild rebukes of the Western Powers. They did not know it, but at the same moment Nazi warships were on their way up the Norwegian fjords; they shot and killed hundreds of our countrymen; in the light of dawn the German bombing planes were droning over our cities. The country which desired "security for all" was at war.

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The first Norwegian to fall was the Commander of a small coast-guard vessel in the outer Oslofjord, Captain Welding-Olsen. When he saw enemy warships arriving, he fired a couple of Verey lights to warn the forts on shore. A German automatic gun swept the deck and he had both legs shot off. The crew lowered a boat and had the captain put into it. The boat was crowded and it is related that Welding-Olsen said: "There are too many here, I am finished anyhow," and like a wounded seal from an ice floe he threw himself overboard. In his last moments he surely showed the comradeship and will to sacrifice, which is a characteristic of the sea. It was thus that Norway parted from her peace.

The next to die had a curious history behind him. This was Lieutenant Winsnes on the mine-sweeper *Rauma*. He was lying off Horten when the Germans arrived. Lieutenant Winsnes was brought up in Germany. He came home for the first time when he was nearly grown up, he had felt himself linked with much in the land of his childhood, but not with all, as it turned out. Together with the mine-sweeper *Olav Tryggvason*, the *Rauma* sank several small troop transports and the destroyer *Albatros*. The *Olav Tryggvason* also managed to damage the cruiser *Emden*. The *Rauma* now came into action with a German torpedo-boat. It is said that

Lieutenant Winsnes, after his guns had been put out of action, as a last desperate effort tried to ram the German boat. A gunshot from close range put an end to this young lieutenant.

Many good Norwegians lost their lives in the snowstorm up in the North outside Narvik, when the armoured coast defence ships *Eidsvoll* and *Norge* were sunk by an overwhelming German force. Not many weeks before, I had met up there the commander of the *Eidsvoll*, Captain Willoch. I can still see his face with its pink racial features, over the enormously high collar, as, with a kind of good-natured rage, he discoursed on the hopeless antiquity of his ship. The last we heard of him was that he ran forward crying: "Now we are going to fight, boys," practically at the same moment as the *Eidsvoll* was hit in the ammunition chamber by a torpedo and was blown to atoms. Only eight of the crew of 200 were saved. The *Norge* succeeded in sinking a German destroyer and damaging another before she was hit by two torpedoes and sank within a minute. 120 officers and men went down with her.

The Norwegian navy's proud and tragic saga that night cannot be told here. Our seamen fought with ferocity and courage. The ships which survived this first foul attack continued to fight and are still fighting. Young lieutenants and ratings, who had lost their ships, armed motorboats and made things hot for the Germans in our fjords.

Several of the forts on land gave a good account of themselves. The fort Odderöya at Kristianssand, with the support of planes and naval units, repelled an attack by German warships. Among others the large cruiser *Karlsruhe* was sunk. Later in the day five destroyers flying the Tricolor were allowed to pass the fort, after which they hoisted the Swastika. The town was lost.

The Germans did not succeed in passing the fortress of Oscarsborg guarding the entrance to Oslo. It is claimed the battleship *Gneisenau* was sunk here. It is certain that the cruiser *Blücher* with the Gestapo on board was sent to the bottom. The German policemen spent their last moments swimming round in a sea of burning oil.

This explains why the German minister in Oslo, Dr. Bräuer, had to make an appearance at the Norwegian Foreign Office at five o'clock in the morning, as the guns were booming along the coast, in order to announce that the Germans had arrived to protect us and to present a series of demands, which would have made Norway a dependency of Germany. The Norwegian Government in a body rejected the demands. The

Royal family, the Government and the Storting then left Oslo in order to avoid capture by the Nazis.

The German bombers circled above the capital. Wave upon wave of them thundered low over the roofs firing their machine guns. There was nothing to put up against them. An eerie feeling of having been left alone with an evil and inexplicable fate, filled the minds of the people. Those who reported themselves at the military depots to obtain arms were turned back. Where was this going to end? Protected by the bombers came the transport planes and during the afternoon German troops entered the town. It has been stated in American papers that fifteen hundred Germans kept Oslo hypnotized with their bands that day, but it was the drone from the motors of Junkers and Heinkels which played their magic music over a defenceless town.

Meanwhile, the Norwegian Storting held a session, first at Hamar and later at Elverum up in the forests. Nygaardsvold's cabinet offered to resign but received a unanimous vote of confidence and reinforced itself with members of the other parties in the Storting. This coalition government was charged with the task of safeguarding Norway's interests, if necessary outside the frontiers of the country. The Storting then adjourned.

In the evening a telephone message came through stating that Dr. Bräuer wished to resume negotiations and a meeting was fixed for the next morning. As the minister had thus been made aware of where the Administration was staying, he immediately sent one of his attachés with a couple of hundred soldiers along in motor cars in order to take the King and the Government prisoners. This did not succeed. At Midtskogen the attack was repulsed by Norwegian soldiers and volunteers. When the attaché, instead of fulfilling his mission, was admitted dying to a Norwegian hospital, the minister, in his striped trousers, had to take the trouble to go himself. He brought with him fresh demands. Among other things Hitler insisted that Quisling should be made Norway's Prime Minister. King Haakon replied that Major Quisling did not enjoy the confidence of the Norwegian people, and in agreement with the Government he rejected the German demands.

Dr. Bräuer now did not see any other way out than to direct the German bombers to the spot. Soon the Nazi machines were roaring over the forest villages. They bombed and set on fire every house, combed the roads with their machine guns, and fired on the slopes where the King, the Crown Prince and

the members of the Government had retired among the fir trunks or thrown themselves down in the snow. " The attacks could only have had one purpose " said King Haakon, " namely to destroy all of us, who where gathered to arrange matters in the best interests of Norway."

In the night fighting at Midtskogen the Norwegian army made its first effort. But what an army!

The German lightning attack on Norway had succeeded in the course of a few hours of night in shattering our military organization. The Germans had occupied the towns which were mobilization centres, press and wireless were put out of action; a heavy, almost paralysing silence brooded over the land.

In this confusion there were instances where officers failed in their duty; they gave up either from lack of courage or from bitterness; for many years they had pleaded the cause of defence. They had the melancholy satisfaction of being able to cry: " What did we tell you? " and their triumph began and ended there. For us, they are dead and forgotten. But fortunately, determination and initiative were the rule. In these first nights thousands of Norwegians set forth on skis through the woods, not least from Oslo, often through the German lines, to get hold of what seemed to them the most precious of all possessions, a gun. They set off without any orders whatever, merely at a rumour that arms might be secured. Small groups were formed, old and young men together. No one was asked for his name or number, they found their guns and asked where the Germans were.

It was just such a group that was gathered together at Midtskogen, some officers and workmen (only recently having been initiated in the use of a machine gun) lying behind felled trees, when the Germans, a couple of hundred of them, arrived in buses. A fight took place and the Germans had to give up their attempt to break through. One of the greyhaired officers who was firing from behind a tree trunk in order to protect the King and the Government was Colonel Otto Ruge. Two days later he was appointed Commander in Chief, when the old general staff collapsed in hopelessness. The Norwegians came to love General Ruge during the war. In his orders of the day and in his proclamations there was such a strong will and such burning faith in our people that they will be read with joy and pride by Norwegian children for centuries to come.

Guarded by the men at Midtskogen the King and the Government were able to make their decision in freedom, which was:

resistance to the utmost; it was felt as a relief by the whole population. During this time every single Norwegian felt that he had incurred a great debt of gratitude to King Haakon for his invincible firmness in maintaining the liberty and rights of our country, and for his smiling courage.

Also within the Government there was much stubbornness and inspiration. Bombed out of house after house, driven about the country, they managed in spite of all to *govern*. They had valuable assistance from a flock of faithful followers. Quiet men from office stools drove with important papers through the German lines with bullets whining about them. Learned professors travelled in flimsy Norwegian training planes low over the tree tops on Government errands, while the German machines were threatening death above them.

And above all, what kindliness, what warm-heartedness and strength in the people itself. Every Norwegian home was at this time a home for all, food and beds were found for the refugees. There was a spiritual solemnity in the midst of disaster in those strange nights of spring while the black-cock's mating call by the newly thawed brooks mingled with the roar of the enemy bombers.

In the South of Norway the war took the form, broadly speaking, of some hundreds of Midtskogen skirmishes. Norwegian skiers and sharp-shooters fought bitterly; it is estimated that sixty thousand Germans lost their lives in these fights. It was in face of the mechanized German forces, tanks and bombers, that the Norwegians had to retire. Our strength in artillery and machine guns was negligible. The Norwegian airmen who had survived the lightning attack could mostly be used only for reconnaissance and liaison duties, which for that matter were risky enough, since they had mostly to be carried out by night, without aerodromes or lights, with some frozen lake or another in the woods as a landing place.

Up on the hillsides stood pale-faced women and children, driven by the fighting in the valley from their burnt-out houses, and they saw as from an amphitheatre the never ending advance of the German divisions; it seemed as if all Germany was coming.

The situation could not be altered by the landing of British reinforcements at Andalsnes and Namsos. They were few and only equipped with small-arms. When remembering this expeditionary force, we do not any longer connect it with any political-military problem, we merely remember the faces of our comrades in arms, and we feel a deep gratitude towards

every one of those who came to help us and more than gratitude towards every fallen Englishmen who lies in Norwegian soil.

Wherever the shattered Norwegian soldiers came they gave this promise: We shall come back, and always the reply was: We shall be waiting for you.

On May 2 Southern Norway was abandoned, but until late in May scattered detachments fought on, and in the fortress of Hegra, which dominated the aerodrome of Trondheim, Norwegian volunteers repulsed desperate German attacks for several weeks.

In Northern Norway the war continued until June 7. Here, in the North, the sixth division of the army was far better prepared owing to the experience gained during the neutrality patrol in the Russo-Finnish war, and the mobilization could be carried out under normal conditions. The commander was General Fleischer, a cool officer of outstanding qualifications.

The beginning was the worst possible. Narvik, where the defences had been well prepared, was surrendered to the Germans by the Nazi, Colonel Sundlo, with no resistance whatever. The Germans occupied the town and the railway to Sweden, later their supplies came through by the courtesy of our Swedish brothers. In the West and the North they were held up by volunteer members of the rifle clubs and a small detachment of cadets until Norwegian regulars came to their support.

Two attacks by the British Navy avenged the *Eidsvoll* and the *Norge*. The wrecks of the German warships and transports, 35 in all, transformed the harbour of Narvik into a huge cemetery. On land the Norwegian troops took the initiative and they were continuing their offensive against the retreating German troops when the help of the allies arrived on April 3. This included British, Polish, and French troops and Foreign Legionaries, finely equipped and splendid soldiers.

The Norwegian troops fought mostly in the mountains. Week after week these Norwegian fisher-lads of Northern Norway (who refused to be relieved through pride and happiness at being *able* to fight), lived and fought at altitudes of as much as a thousand metres. They hauled rations and ammunition up the steep mountain sides, where snow melted by day and ice froze by night; they dug themselves into the snow-slopes to sleep. In stubbornly contested battles they won hill after hill.

At last the day came, May 27, when allied forces together with a Norwegian battalion took Narvik after a thorough pre-

paratory bombardment of the German positions from British warships.

With the conquest of Narvik hope awakened in Norway. There was general talk of the march South to reconquer the country. Then, in the beginning of June the allied troops were suddenly withdrawn on account of the desperate situation on the Western Front. The Norwegians had only ammunition for a few days, so they too had to give up the struggle for the present.

The King, the Crown Prince and the Government, left the country to continue the fight for freedom outside the frontiers of Norway, in accordance with the mandate of the Storting. General Ruge remained. He had left his soldiers once before in the South, and he could not bear doing it again. He refused to give his parole, and recently he was taken as a prisoner to Germany.

In a week's time after the Government had left the country, the greater part of Northern Norway was without a master. Many were afraid that the Russians, who were supposed to have had their eyes directed towards the Atlantic harbours of Northern Norway, would move in and make our return even more difficult and remote. They did not do so. This was a last beggarly consolation for those who left. Otherwise the disappointment was so deep after we had just begun to hope. The war in Norway began and finished with a shock.

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To-day the Norwegian Government is in London. These months have drawn us close to our British allies. We know, that if England does not win, there is nobody in the wide world who will help us back to our freedom. We have seen with admiration the dogged courage of this people, when defeat was heaped upon defeat, and we have grown prouder and richer in human experience in observing London's smiling indomitable rejection of the attempts to terrorise her made by the German bombers. We have felt, that it was high human qualities rather than weapons, which have saved the situation.

At this time, when England has been a beleaguered fortress, we have been thankful to be able to return something of the help that England gave us in our desperate days. The Norwegian navy under Admiral Diesen, with its destroyers, armed whalers and motor-torpedo boats, is active; the nucleus of the new Norwegian army has been formed under the leadership of General Fleischer, who conducted the only victorious offensive during our war, and in Canada our air force is being

trained by Ronald Amundsen's companion, Captain Riiser-Larsen. Soon the Norwegian airmen will be flying across the Atlantic in their own machines. But first and last we have been able to give our support with our own merchant ships, four million tons and thirty thousand sailors. Our fleet of tankers is the second largest in the world and no small part of the oil which keeps Hurricanes and Spitfires in the air is brought here, in spite of U-boats, mines and bombers, by Norwegian sailors upon Norwegian ships.

Soon the war will begin a new phase; we shall assume the offensive, all of us whom the Nazis have driven away from our countries. We shall liberate our people at home who look with contempt and hatred on the strangers in their midst; it is as if we had to scour away the infection which the Germans by their mere presence have laid upon our country.

There is something deeply tragic about the Norwegian Government which is now faced with this task. Their dream was "security for all." Now they must demand "insecurity for all." They must send seamen and soldiers out to an uncertain fate, perhaps to death. They cannot assuage the hard times at home in Norway, on the contrary, supplies are to be stopped, oil stores are to be bombed, everything which can help the enemy is to be destroyed.

A great inner strength is needed by the leaders who have so to reverse their minds and their lives. A great hardness is necessary, forged from a white-hot passion, and the name of this passion is *liberty.*

Perhaps the exiled Governments of Europe are facing the time of their visitation here and now; perhaps those who are united in the struggle may be able to share together in the creation of a new world, sprung from a common longing and a common sorrow. It is this which is demanded of us, for only then shall we be able to come home to our country which has been impoverished by the war, with riches, in spite of all.

(Mr. Nordahl Grieg, now serving his country in England, is a young Norwegian dramatist.)

GIBRALTAR AND THE SPANIARDS

By Don Pablo de Azcárate

FOR a number of reasons, amongst which it is only fair to mention the correct behaviour of the British authorities towards the Spanish population of the exiguous habitable territory of Gibraltar, the British domination of the Rock has never aroused in the popular Spanish conscience those virulent sentiments of irritation and hostility which characterize the more typical cases of "irredentism." But it would be a grave error to confuse the absence of these sentiments with an absence of interest, although indifference, born of ignorance, the lack of a political education or more complex causes to which we shall return later, has existed during certain periods in some sections of the nation. Now, the directing elements of the country have perceived clearly the invidious position to them of the presence of the British flag in Gibraltar. They have felt the intimate sorrow and bitterness which this presence must necessarily cause to every Spaniard. It is clear, therefore, that when we speak of the state of mind of Spain with regard to Gibraltar, we do not necessarily allude to the specifically popular state of mind, but to that of the Nation's directing elements, dominated by sorrow and bitterness in the face of injustice, and hidden for a long time in proud and resigned silence because of their impotence to remedy it.

Whatever may be the opinion held with regard to the manner in which the occupation of Gibraltar by Admiral Rooke on August 4, 1704, took place, and whatever may be thought about the circumstances of the negotiation which led to its cession to England, the fact remains that the Treaty of Utrecht, accepted by Spain, solemnly consecrated this cession, creating in favour of England a title of dominion over the Rock which, in strict law, cannot be discussed. But this fact could not prevent Spain feeling the injustice which the surrender involved for her, and she will try by every means to obtain its return. Spain's preoccupation with the question of Gibraltar was so great in the period immediately following the British conquest, that Don Julian Juderías has been able to say, with reason, that

" during the whole of the 18th century Gibraltar was the axis of Spanish policy."*

For Philip V, the loss of Gibraltar and Minorca constituted a real obsession which pursued and tormented him all his life, despite his rejection of the proposal of restitution formulated by England in 1718 in exchange for Spain's adherence to the Quadruple Alliance. One must remember the circumstances of that negotiation and what this adherence implied for Spain. At Utrecht Spain lost, with Gibraltar, her dominions in Italy and the Low Countries which together constituted the foundations for her position as the greatest power in Europe. When the proposal for the restitution of Gibraltar in exchange for his adherence to the Quadruple Alliance was submitted to Philip V by Lord Stanhope, British Ambassador in Madrid, there had just taken place a victorious Spanish landing in Sicily, which had aroused immense enthusiasm in Madrid as a happy inauguration of a campaign destined to restore Sicily, Naples and Sardinia to Spain. Would it have been reasonable for Philip V, by adhering to the Quadruple Alliance, to have abandoned his campaign after its brilliant initiation, in exchange for the return of Gibraltar?

Philip V must have thought that, with the reconquest of Naples, Sicily and Sardinia, Spain would recover part of her greatness in Europe, including the return of Gibraltar; while the acceptance of the return of Gibraltar in exchange for his adherence to the Quadruple Alliance would definitely destroy the last opportunity which presented itself to Spain (an opportunity full of alluring hopes at that moment), of recovering her rank and preponderance in Europe. However hard it may have been for his pride, Philip V decided to reject the British proposals and, if the loss of the war and its unfortunate consequences for Spain cause the King and his political advisers to be accused of lack of foresight, they do not suggest that he was indifferent to the loss of Gibraltar.

Putting aside other negotiations continued during the reign of Philip V, we find a curious situation created during the Franco-British war of 1796 when France offers Spain, as the price of her alliance, the island of Minorca she had just conquered from England and her support for the conquest of the Rock, while England offers Gibraltar to Spain in exchange for her help *to recover Minorca from the French and restore it to England.* Ferdinand VI, " pacific monarch, who does not wish

*Julian Juderías. Gibraltar. Madrid, 1915.

to compromise by new undertakings the nascent prosperity of his States "* does not accept either offer.

With Charles III there comes another period of feverish activity on the question of Gibraltar comparable with that in the reign of Philip V. For Charles III, as for Philip V, the return of Gibraltar was an obsession and one of the principal motives which decided him to participate on the side of France in the war against England, a war provoked as a result of the help given by France to the British colonies in America. It is interesting to remember, now, that this was one of the occasions when a Franco-Spanish invasion of England was planned. It failed because it was found impossible to destroy the English fleet under Admiral Hardy. On the part of Spain, her intervention in the war was inaugurated by the siege of Gibraltar, which failed thanks to the aid given to the fortress, first by Admiral Rodney's fleet, after it had defeated Lángara's between Cadiz and the Port of Santa Maria, and later on, by Lord Howe's fleet when the well-aimed shots of the English artillery had already destroyed the famous floating batteries invented by the French engineer d'Arçon. A parallel expedition organized and destined for the reconquest of Minorca met with greater success; after a hard siege of eight months and a heroic defence by the English garrison of the Castle of San Felipe, the fortress capitulated (February, 1782) the island being restored to Spanish sovereignty.

Charles III did not limit his efforts to force of arms in order to recover Gibraltar. From the end of 1779, and when the siege of Gibraltar was being maintained with the greatest earnestness and determination, he was engaged in secret negotiations with England with a view to a possible settlement which would include, as the principal point, a separate peace with Spain in exchange for the return of Gibraltar. The return of Gibraltar must have meant much to Charles as, in order to obtain it, he was willing to violate Article 3 of the Treaty of Alliance which united him to France, in which he expressly undertook not to listen to peace conditions without previous agreement with his ally. These negotiations, conducted by the Count of Floridablanca, representing Spain, through the medium of an Irish priest named Hussey, former chaplain to Charles III, who had lived in London since the time when he had accompanied the Count of Almodovar, produced only some British proposals in which there figured as a counter-proposal to the

*Juderías. Op. cit. p. 43.

restitution of Gibraltar not only the separate peace but, amongst other territorial cessions, the island of Porto Rico.

Without these negotiations leading to any positive result, others began in Paris which were intended to restore peace between England on the one hand and France and Spain on the other. In these negotiations Gibraltar also figured as one of the most important and difficult points. So much so that, when M. de Reyneval went to London to obtain an exact idea of the British Government's point of view, Lord Grantham declared to him that "he could foresee that the fortress of Gibraltar was as likely to prove a rock in the negotiations as it was in the sea."* In the course of the negotiations Gibraltar was the object of numerous proposals and counter-proposals in which were shuffled, in innumerable combinations, the Floridas, Porto Rico, the French West Indies, and the Bahamas. Throughout the laborious negotiations the Spanish Government treated the question of Gibraltar as one of the principal points in its diplomacy.

After several other lamentable attempts to regain Gibraltar had been made during the reign of Charles IV, when the prestige and international rank of Spain was already sinking, there came the long period occupied by the whole of the 19th and the beginning of the 20th centuries when, not only is there a complete cessation of all politico-diplomatic action on the part of Spain for the recovery of Gibraltar, but it appears that the question of Gibraltar no longer preoccupies the Spaniards and their directing elements.

This has an historical explanation if one keeps in mind that, since Charles IV, the Crown of Spain had lost its traditional prestige thanks to which it had been able to continue relations with the Court of St. James on a footing of equality (and perhaps of superiority), which the latter recognized. On the other hand, the collapse of the Crown as unifying element of the country made necessary, as in the rest of Europe, the establishment of a system of political institutions of a representative and constitutional character. This crisis which no country, with the exception of England, has been able to overcome without internal convulsions and civil wars, has proved in Spain more difficult and arduous than in any other country; so much so that the acute situation through which Spain is even now passing is due to the fact that, without having yet overcome this political crisis (a thing of the past for the other

*Juderías. Op. cit. p. 33.

European countries, especially in Western Europe), she has had to meet the social and economic crisis common to all the countries of Europe.

However, the truth is that since the beginning of the 20th century, when Spain entered into the crisis of its internal political reconstitution, all interest and all incentive for external questions have disappeared from the Spanish public conscience. Spain withdrew more and more within itself under the overwhelming weight of its own internal problems. But as Spain grew weaker, Britain grew stronger. The result of this double process was the creation of a state of mind in Spain which, little by little, relegated the recovery of Gibraltar to the category of one of those "ideals" whose realization is impossible.

But one must not confuse this prolonged silence with indifference. This state of mind of the Spanish people with regard to Gibraltar, characteristic of the period from the beginning of the 19th century to the present day, has not been the result of anything which may have effaced or repaired the initial *injustice* contained in the British occupation. This prolonged silence is the result of the obvious insufficiency of the means at our disposal to attain the aim in view, an insufficiency so notorious and obvious that any attempt to state our aim would be a real folly. For more than a century and a half, Spain has been *resigned* to the British occupation of Gibraltar.

There is, however, something very revealing in the fact that, under the ashes of this resignation, there exists the fire of the ideal, and this is due to the fact that, whenever there have arisen in the world conditions which might offer the slightest chance of the return of Gibraltar, the subject has again come to life. This is occurring to-day when the present "rulers" of Spain have launched, in terms of the greatest irresponsibility and stupidity, their campaign in favour of the reconquest of Gibraltar.

But it is much more significant that during the war of 1914-18, the return of Gibraltar to Spanish sovereignty became the subject of eager discussion. Not only the extreme right-wing, but the most representative men of liberal and advanced, though not revolutionary, politics, who were, at the same time, the most ardent and solid defenders of the policy of collaboration with England, expressed their sentiments in favour of the return to Spain of Gibraltar. The three following examples are eloquent and demonstrative in this respect.

Don Luis de Zulueta, one of the most authoritative writers in Spain, Minister of Foreign Affairs and Ambassador to the Vatican during the Republic, wrote in 1915 the following expressive words when referring to opinions emitted by the Count de la Mortera and Sr. Gonzalez Hontoria, as to what would be Spain's principal claim were she admitted to the Peace Conference: "We do not believe that the Count de la Mortera or Sr. G. Hontoria doubts for a moment that the country, whose name the latter invokes, would without vacilation give any other answer than: Gibraltar."

In the magnificent speech delivered in Granada on May 1, 1915, by Don Melquiades Alvarez, chief of the Reformist Party in which were grouped, at the time, the sanest, strongest and most solid portion of the Spanish liberal and democratic non-revolutionary forces, he said:

> Let Gibraltar be Spanish! Who does not desire it? Without making this manifest, it is the sentimental and romantic aspiration of all of us. You have heard it said a thousand times, friends of Granada: Gibraltar has been a painful thorn in Spain's side since the Treaty of Utrecht, it is true, but I affirm that it will not be possible to pull out this thorn against the will of England, but only in agreement with England (Hear! Hear!) through a loyal, sincere and profound friendship with that great and democratic nation.

Finally, Don Gumersindo de Azcárate—one of the most prominent figures of the Old Spanish Republicanism, perhaps the only politician, apart from the great Conservative leader Don Antonio Maura, who enjoyed the respect of all Spanish parties and trends of thought in Spain, and last but not least, the living symbol of a policy of friendship and collaboration with England—wrote in 1915 on the subject of Gibraltar: "Gibraltar is not for us a question of expediency or interest but of national existence and honour. It is not merely a question of some debatable limiting zone, but of a piece of territory which is unquestionably Spanish." And striking the distinctive and characteristic note of the Republican attitude towards Gibraltar—an attitude contrasting strongly with that adopted by the reactionary forces—he added that the problem of the restitution of Gibraltar to Spanish sovereignty would have to be tackled "with the help of the necessary compensations and in favour of our firm and loyal friendship with the British nation."

D. Gumersindo de Azcárate said in the same article

> No one can doubt my admiration for Britain, all my life I have been pro-British. No moral influence on my country's policy could seem finer in my eyes than the influence exercised by the example of that splendid nation—a model of Parliamentary régime and of the develop-

ment of public liberties. For that very reason, as an Anglophile as well as a Spaniard, I could wish that we might remove the thorn of Gibraltar which pierces our flesh every time we stretch out arms in greeting to this friendly nation, a nation with whom we are united by bonds which to-day are strong and which we hope will grow ever stronger.

The words pronounced by Don Melquiades Alvarez at the meeting in Granada, and those written, at the same time, by Don Gumersindo de Azcárate constitute a clear and authoritative testimony of the opinion held by Republican Spaniards on the problem of Gibraltar. It is sufficient to contrast the position defined in them with that which, for some months past, has been the constant object of a campaign, as stupid as it is irresponsible in the Spanish press and in some solemn official declarations of the "Caudillo," in order to see quite clearly the point on which Spaniards differ, and differ profoundly, when the problem of Gibraltar is raised.

For some who are represented in this conglomeration of clerical, militarist, monarchist and big land-owning elements the restitution of Gibraltar is to be obtained by force, that is to say that they conceive the reintegration of Gibraltar as one of the results of a war in which England would be defeated. As they are not so stupid as to believe in the possibility of Spain defeating England, they support a foreign policy which places and maintains Spain on the side of England's potential enemies. Let it not be thought that this policy is a recent thing or improvised by the Spanish Fascist organizations which have pushed Spain into its present foreign policy. It is a foreign policy with a long-established tradition in Spain, and one of its most eminent and brilliant defenders was the last great "leader" of Carlism in Spain, Don Juan Vazquez de Mella. Among the many occasions on which Sr. Vazquez de Mella put his enormous talent and exceptional gifts as a debater at the services of a Spanish foreign policy of collaboration with Germany and Italy, there stands out a sensational article entitled: "The Alliances: With France or with Germany?" published in *El Correo Español* organ of the Spanish Carlist Party, on October 9, 1913, on the occasion of the official visit to Spain of M. Raymond Poincaré, President of the French Republic. In this article, Sr. Vazquez de Mella analyses, with extraordinary ability and tact (which contrast with what is being written and said in Spain to-day), the consequences and perspectives which an alliance with France and England, or an alliance with Germany and Italy would offer to Spain.

Here are a few paragraphs of this article, the present relevance of which does not need to be emphasized

> The two pillars of Hercules supporting our coat of arms indicate that the coasts of the Straits belong to us and that the gate of the Mediterranean must be ours. Do France and England recognize and guarantee our possession of this gate through which it is possible to enter the Latin sea and our house? They neither guarantee nor recognize it: they forbid it . . . . England puts an absolute ban on our fortifying Punta Carnero and Sierra Carbonera because they would make Gibraltar useless, Gibraltar, piece of the Motherland treacherously stolen through an alliance against the Bourbons in a European war . . . . What would Germany claim? She would not ask us for Cartagena and Mahon in order to establish communications with Algeria and Morocco . . . . Germany would not prevent us defending the coasts of the Straits: she would impose it as a condition. She would give us the means of preparing, with the necessary caution, the emplacement, at an opportune moment, of batteries on Sierra Carbonera and Punta Carnero in order to dominate the Rock, and on the heights of Tarifa and Punta Almansa in order to dominate the Straits, and even the means of establishing lines of torpedoes and floating mines between the island of Peregil and the island of Paloma.

Against this programme of alliance with the potential enemies of England, a programme which the defeat of the Republic has now made it possible to put into operation there is the traditional programme, consistently defended by the Spanish Republicans, so expressively summarized in the transcribed words of Don Gumersindo de Azcárate: "the problem of the restitution of Gibraltar to Spanish sovereignty must be settled with the help of the necessary compensations and in favour of our firm and loyal friendship with the English nation."

This contrast constitutes matter for careful study by the men who have the privilege and responsibility of directing British policy during one of the most profoundly critical moments in the history of Europe. They will know how to draw from it the lesson which it holds. But do not let them deceive themselves and believe in the indifference of the Spanish people towards Gibraltar: this will cause the ship of relations between the two nations to founder on one of the most dangerous reefs with which the sea of international life is strewn: the erroneous appreciation of the moral and material realities which characterize the state of a people at each moment of its history.

(*Don Pablo de Azcárate was formerly Spanish Ambassador in London.*)

THE QUERIST

Democracy

By John Murray

WHETHER anything has been more talked and written about from time to time throughout a long space than democracy, and whether this is a reason for talking on about it, or the contrary.

Whether the long continuance of controversy points not to a certain intractability in the very matter of democracy.

Whether democracy is a specific or recipe of the lawyers to be applied indifferently to this body politic or that, or whether their strictness and science are not an error.

Whether this exactitude of the lawyers and constitution-mongers is not an aping of the mathematical and other severe scientists, who manage better with their own abstractions than with living things.

Whether living things at the best are not the hardest to understand for other good reasons and because they change much and quickly from birth through growth and their adult time and their diseases to decay and death.

Whether the various political societies of mankind throughout all ages have not resembled the plants and animals by having some life in them even if intermittent.

Whether by their huge mass and diversity and their proneness to contention these societies have not often seemed more dead than alive, and their life vicious as well as intermittent.

Whether their life has not on very many occasions been full of monstrous evils from greed and over-rule and cruelty, and whether the commonalty of men have not fared best on the whole when their political society has had the least life in it.

Whether it is to be expected that any political society should often or for long at a time surmount its natural evils so as to show forth goodness or truth in its life.

Whether democracy is anything but this rarity of a political society flowering marvellously for a time.

Whether this flowering is not a kind of miracle, even though prepared and helped on by many known things, and whether these things, being partly in man's power, are not worth pondering.

Whether democracy has not been belied and the whole world misled by suppositions regarding forms and laws.

Whether the much-praised democratic constitutions, and our own among them, are not to be reckoned an effect rather than a cause of true democracy.

Whether those things with which constitution-mongers busy themselves, their laws procedures and prerogatives, are democracy, or only serve it.

Whether these things, from being planned as tools or as means to an end, do not often usurp upon their end, and whether the usurping of means upon ends is not a great evil.

Whether the institutions and practices of democracies and their parties and statesmen tend not to turn from means into ends, and to climb up from serving into the mastery.

Whether parliaments elections and the portioning out of political power are the sum of democracy, or whether democracy is not the resolve of citizens to be free equal secure and loving with one another.

Whether a true democracy is anything else but a nation of friends.

Whether the truest democracy is not that which improves and extends this friendship the most.

Whether the democracy of the ancient Athenians has been sufficiently considered in this respect, or whether its expounders have not belied it in their long discourses upon voting debates offices ostracism orators and factions.

Whether the Athenians spent all their time making and hearing speeches, and whether if they had, their democracy would not have fared worse than it did.

Whether the constitution-mongers have not left the best part untold about the Athenian democracy.

Whether this political society was not a society all the time it was political, and despite of it, and whether its political merits did not derive from its social.

Whether the private lives of the citizens of this democracy were not very easy and happy among themselves, and whether strangers settling among them fared not well.

Whether even the slaves, who were a large part of the population, fared not well, so that foreigners could barely tell slave from freeborn.

Whether brotherhoods, cults, clubs, societies and such like did not abound and flourish in Athens, and whether relationship by blood or neighbourhood or calling or what not has been better used anywhere to draw citizens together and cement the state.

Whether the Athenians have not left behind them very clear proofs of inventiveness and versatility, being a people of great genius, and whether all this does not bespeak the force and richness of their life together.

Whether good judges are not agreed that the Athenians were happier and busier and freer and more diverse and successful than others, and were so accounted by the ancients.

Whether the Athenians rated anything whatsoever above this general life of theirs, and whether they rated their political constitution higher in any other respect than as serving this life and assuring it.

Whether the worth of this general life is not well shown in Aristotle's two books on Friendship in his Ethics.

Whether anyone versed in these matters will deny that a citizen of Athens could not help being a "social animal" as Aristotle says, and probably a very active and happy one.

Whether it was not a chief mark of the Athenian democracy to be a nation of friends, and whether but for this it need ever have been or have continued a democracy.

Whether its bitterness, upon occasions of faction, proves not the same, and whether hate is not worst among those that love or ought to be loving.

Whether in short the root of this democracy is as the constitution-mongers would have it, or quite otherwise.

Whether our own democracy has been rightly judged in these respects, and whether the errors of lawyers and other formalists have not confused many of us here, and many abroad still more.

Whether our own democracy has ever done wiser than in freeing men on many occasions from what irked or angered them, and whether this fighting and freeing has not been too much insisted on, as if freeing were all.

Whether new freedom tends not to rekindle old hate, and to stir up new.

Whether the champions of freedom have not done better for the most part before they triumphed than after.

Whether it is to be expected that liberators should be good reconcilers, and whether those that lead a campaign best are the best peace-makers after it.

Whether liberators are not often content to upset a rule in order to set up another, and the second as factionary and partial and unjust as the first.

Whether the virtue of liberation is not to make the whole state stronger and more at one with itself and happier.

Whether great and sudden liberations are not apt to give the loose to hate and revenge, as the Russian Revolution above 20 years ago, and to be past managing for a time.

Whether we ourselves by making frequent smaller liberations have not profited in so far as escaping the Russian evils, and whether at each time of liberating we have taken pains enough about reconciling.

Whether upon these occasions our liberators and those that resisted them have not imagined democracy and aristocracy to be contraries and each other's poison, and whether they have abjured this error soon enough.

Whether any state can live without leadership, and whether a great state can do well unless it draws into its leadership any that are fit, and whether in any large and fine nation some cannot be drawn in thus from all ranks of citizens.

Whether the first requisite of democracy is not aristocracy.

Whether any state that has not the habit of looking up to its leaders in good faith and hope can expect to have leaders, or to know which are they.

Whether aristocracy has not been as much bedevilled by partisans and pretenders and self-seekers as democracy, and whether any exorcisms, even the strongest, will easily drive out this prejudice.

Whether the best wisdom of a citizen is not to have a sure eye for a true leader.

Whether our nation has not at length found a way to draw into its leadership sufficient tried men of every kind and region and calling, and whether this is not the very height of aristocracy.

Whether this aristocracy is not the touchstone of true and complete democracy, and whether any state that has not established its citizens in freedom and security and reconciled them in good measure as well can be held a democracy.

Whether the reconcilement of one class with another, and of all with the state, and of each man with his fellows and of them all in a measure with their fate is not a herculean labour and exceeds man's power.

Whether it can be attempted without strong love of mankind, or succeed without God's grace.

Whether true citizenship in a democracy is for a man to seek his own selfishly, or whether it is not rather to be accounted a mystery and a taking of vows.

Whether the ancient Athenians and many savages have not been wiser and more skilful in initiating their young citizens than we ourselves.

Whether this mystery, if it be a true one, is to the liking of those who make out democracy to be a sort of government, and whether it is not wiser to call democracy a sort of citizenship.

Whether false starts in theorising lead not to gross errors.

Whether the theorists who start out from government as the main matter are ever likely after that to judge wisely about citizens and citizenship.

Whether starting out from government is not the surest way to make government into an end in itself instead of a means, and from an end an idol.

Whether the partizans of government are the best judges or friends of freedom.

Whether the practices even of our own government have not become of late very searching and severe and its power ubiquitous so that many are alarmed lest they lose their liberties.

Whether this is not an evil, and whether among our enemies the Germans it is not a prodigious evil and cruel slavery, and whether that nation of theorists have not preached it up from an evil into a good, if preaching could do it.

Whether in short the partizans of government intend not great thoroughness in government.

Whether it is not well enough known what this grows to.

Whether it is not easy to have too much government, and whether it has not often happened so.

Whether citizenship is not the free and friendly commerce and happy conversation of citizens with each other, and whether any state can have too much of it, or even enough.

Whether good citizenship is not to be preferred to good government.

Whether good citizenship comes out of books and laws or men's hearts.

Whether in private affairs a man's heart is not his best guide, unless he is vicious or under threats or force, and whether in public affairs he has any better guide.

Whether his private affairs and his public are not alike his conduct.

Whether a man's heart and conscience lie not very close, and whether good citizenship is not keeping a clear conscience and loving behaviour throughout, from small private matters up to great public ones.

Whether this is not right and true, even though it is very difficult.

Whether some of the expounders of democracy are not readier to search out past histories than men's hearts.

Whether the projects of some reformers of our democracy have not been soon out of date, and whether these reformers were not readier in liberating than in building up after.

Whether the Great Reform Act, as it was called, of above a century ago, or other like Acts that followed even down to our own time, were more than an opening of doors for crowds to jostle and storm in by, and whether their being all in the room together at last answered their prayers, or set them praying again for they knew not what.

Whether the American poet judged not well about politics and voting in his verses,

> I am unjust but I can strive for justice;
> My life's unkind, but I can vote for kindness;
> I, the unloving, say life should be lovely;
> I, that am blind, cry out against my blindness.
> Come let us vote against our human nature,
> Crying to God in all the polling places,
> To heal our everlasting sinfulness
> And make us sages with transfigured faces.

Whether if a man will not be just and kind, other men or the laws can make him so, and whether if he will, even a little, good laws cannot help, and he be reconciled.

Whether in the last generation or two our own country has not exerted itself more than others to reconcile its citizens by new laws and institutions, and some of them very novel and strange.

Whether in this matter these novelties and the last war have not tended the same way.

Whether brave and good men cannot draw some gain from the greatest evils, saving themselves as by fire, and whether the last war was not a great evil.

Whether that evil is easier to measure, or the strong force of unity and brotherhood that welled up then, while the whole nation wrought and suffered mightily together.

Whether bloodshed and sacrifice are not hard schooling for any nation, and ruinous for some, but effectual in a measure for a good nation such as ours.

Whether the chief gain of those days was not the nation's discovering itself anew as a mighty fellowship, and its citizens resolving freely to conform and serve it well, and prizing their membership.

Whether from the cradle onward we have not all of us a clear instinct of belonging, and whether ordinarily a man can be fully at rest in himself but by belonging to something larger and nobler than himself.

Whether this is not a better nation now by far than when the last war began.

Whether those novelties spoken of above, or most of them, have not been contended against sharply before they could start, and whether the contention was not about the expense and the taxes rather than the things themselves, and whether this continual stoppage is not inveteracy and unworthy of these days.

Whether the principle of these novelties has had enough airing.

Whether this principle is anything else but the resolve of citizens in a true democracy to be free equal secure and loving with each other.

Whether citizens do not desire these good things variously, all or nearly all desiring freedom and to have others love them, and some desiring equality, at least in some things, and others desiring security.

Whether the desires of some in respect of seeming small and homely things, such as how they shall manage when they are out of work, or grown old, and how they shall have their children taught, are really small, either singly or in the mass.

Whether this security belongs not to their dignity as citizens, and whether without it their other political rights are of much account.

Whether their establishment in full citizenship and all their rights whatsoever is not to be expected in a nation of friends.

Whether this friendship is a momentary feeling or a fixed principle and policy to be pursued with art and skill, and whether it bears not strictly on those homely affairs mentioned above.

Whether it has not been well said that the nation in every country exists in the cottage.

Whether, finally, its existing there in full reconcilement is not of all democracy the truest.

(*Mr. Murray is the Principal of University College of the South West.*)

OUR OLDEST ENEMY

By Harry Roberts

IN his interesting book on the *Biological Aspects of Infectious Disease*, Dr. Burnet of Melbourne tells us that " if the worst happens, and another World War develops, it is quite certain that attempts at artificial dissemination of disease will be made." The history of previous wars makes one wonder if such deliberate dissemination is necessary to achieve the result aimed at. Malaria and plague were the most useful allies of the Goths and the Vandals in the defeat of Rome. In the American Civil War, the Federal Army is said to have lost twice as many men from disease as were killed by the weapons of their opponents. In the course of the Napoleonic Wars, the French army lost in Spain 300,000 men from disease and 100,000 from enemy action. Even so lately as the Boer War, infectious disease cost the British army about double as many losses as were caused by wounds.

So far, bacteria have played no appreciable part in the present war; but the war is a long way from being over. The germs responsible for epidemic outbreaks are true disciples of Fabius Cunctator—following his policy, of lying low until the right moment for striking, even more closely than have the members of the contemporary Society which has adopted his name. They bide their time; and they may well regard their present prospects as favourable.

Epidemics of infectious disease are historically associated with one or more of these conditions: overcrowding, dirt, and malnutrition. Not for many decades has the British army been as exposed to risk of infection as will be hundreds of thousands of citizens during these coming months. In their natural desire to escape from the immediate danger of falling bombs, thousands of Londoners—especially East Londoners, of whose daily lives I have most direct knowledge—for twelve or more hours out of every twenty-four are crowded together in conditions hygienically comparable with those responsible for the Black Deaths of the Middle Ages and the epidemic plagues of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In the

deep tunnels and caverns which, for their occupants, lessen in varying degrees the direct dangers of bombing air planes and the noise of explosions, are other dangers that may prove little less sinister. Here is an extract from a recent statement by the Medical Officer of Health for Stepney:

> Typhoid may be expected from probable presence of human carriers, the pollution of the ground by human excreta, and the habit of the people by eating their supper and breakfast in these premises . . . . Epidemic infantile diarrhœa, with its large mortality . . . . typhus or jail fever . . . . may similarly be expected.

Every poultry-keeper knows, or soon learns from experience, what would happen if he tried to keep, in a Stepney back yard, a number of fowls that would healthily stock a twenty-acre holding in the country. Disease and death would soon bring down the number nearer to the hygienically possible. For many hundred thousand years, our ancestors lived in small groups, spending almost their whole time in the open air of hillside, valley and woodland. Later, as man's mind grew, and what we speak of as civilization developed, towns, like Babylon and Alexandria, sprang up; but it is only within a few hundred years that anything remotely like our modern industrial cities came into existence. Both city life and economic inequality are dyshygienic; when they occur together, the consequence is likely to be disastrous. The life of a poor man in a modern city has been well compared to that of an animal in captivity. Dr. William Brend, writing in 1913, remarked:

> The death-rate among animals surrounded by unnatural conditions is very high, and often their young can be reared only by taking the utmost precautions. London reads with regret the fate of litter after litter of the cubs of "Barbara," the polar bear in Regent's Park, which live at the most for a few weeks and then die from pneumonia. The higher apes suffer severely from tuberculosis, and nearly all the mammalian cubs develop rickets. Man in towns is subjected to the same conditions and suffers only a degree less severely.

Until a few years ago, the death-rate and sickness rate which obtained in London were about double those in the rural districts of Southern England. By the practical application of new knowledge—the provision of better housing, effective drainage systems, and pure water supplies and the making available of a more adequate dietary—the environmental disadvantages of city life have been largely overcome; although the disparity between the healthiness of life in the well-to-do districts and that of the districts occupied mainly by the poor has continued. Still, the victories of applied hygiene, especially those of the past half-century, have been very great. The

average expectation of life at birth in England and Wales is now over 60 years. Thirty years ago, the prospect was approximately 45 years. At the close of the eighteenth century, the average length of human life was less than 25 years; whilst in the sixteenth we are told that from 18 to 20 years measured the baby's prospect of life. It must not be inferred that there were no octogenarians fifty years ago, or four hundred years ago; they probably formed nearly as big a proportion of the adult population as they do to-day. The increased average longevity is due almost entirely to the greatly lessened infant mortality, and to growing knowledge of the nature of epidemic diseases and the application of that knowledge. Thus, our infant mortality rate, which, in England and Wales in 1870, was 154 per 1,000 children living, had by 1936, fallen to 58. In his *Vital Statistics*, Dr. Farr tells us that the death-rate (all causes) in 1660-79 was more than four times that in 1901-10, the excessive rates for all ages in 1660-79 being ascribed mainly to "plague," "consumption," "dysentery," "fevers," and "small pox." Reports were submitted to the Poor Law Commission in 1838 by Dr. Southwood Smith "On some of the physical causes of sickness and mortality to which the poor are particularly exposed, and which are capable of removal by sanitary regulations, exemplified in the present condition of the Bethnal Green and Whitechapel districts, as ascertained on a personal inspection." These reports showed that out of 77,000 persons (in-and-out paupers) 14,000 were attacked with fever, one-fifth part of the whole, and that out of the 14,000 attacked, nearly 1,300 died.

In the course of the epidemic that raged in the middle of the fourteenth century, Pope Clement VI estimated that nearly 43,000,000 died of plague; 200,000 market towns and villages in Europe were completely depopulated, and, "in the dwellings encumbered with corpses wild beasts took up their abode." Boccaccio tells us that in Florence, 100,000 died, leaving only 30,000 inhabitants. It is said that one-fourth of the entire population of the earth died from plague in this outbreak; while from one-half to two-thirds of the inhabitants of England and Scotland perished. In London, but one man out of ten survived. Those who have read Defoe's account of the Great Plague of London in 1664—the last serious outbreak of that disease in England—will realize that the pandemic of 1348 was but typical of these periodic bacterial assaults. Plague, now as rare in England as is the Camberwell Beauty, is but one of the great epidemic diseases with which most of us in this

country have become unfamiliar. Up to the early years of the last century, about one-fifth of all the deaths in England resulted from small-pox. Typhus fever (or Gaol fever) again, a disease associated with lice and general uncleanliness, was, until the middle of the last century, among our chief causes of death. In the Crimean War, 16,000 English, 80,000 French, and 800,000 Russians died of typhus. Even in the last Great War of 1914-18, one-tenth of the population of Serbia died of typhus in the first two years; and it has been estimated that, during that war, one million people in Europe died of it. Cholera has, in this country, never raged with the same intensity as in the East; and cases have been very infrequent here since the beginning of the century; but in 1924, it was responsible for more than a quarter of a million deaths in India.

In his Annual Report for 1937, the Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health remarks that the infectious diseases which have almost disappeared in this country are those of environment, whilst those spread by personal contact remain; and he makes this supplemental comment:

> The diminution of environmental disease, such as typhoid fever, is due to the ceaseless and vigilant watch maintained on external sources of infection. If these precautions break down, an outbreak of environmental disease may occur.

What, in fact, are these precautions to which may be attributed the enormous reduction in the incidence and in the fatality rates of infectious disease? Reference has already been made to the increased observation and enforcement of city and personal cleanliness, and to the provision of proper drainage and of pure water supplies. Two other important factors are the popularization of hygienic knowledge and the prompt isolation of infected persons; nor must we forget the marked rise in the general standard of living and the better feeding and housing of the poorer nine-tenths of our people. It is along these lines that further development should be encouraged and, if necessary, enforced; and in normal times it is on such development that we should mainly rely. But the times are not normal. The artificial circumstances that have, in the last thirty years, made city life almost as healthy as life in the country, can no longer be counted on. The conditions under which the majority of working-class families still resident in London spend their evenings and nights have been already referred to. Everyone has read or heard what those conditions are. For tens of thousands of people, the hygienic knowledge acquired during the past half-century might as well

not exist. The sanitary scandal of the shelters is an actuality; but there are even graver possibilities. A high explosive bomb has but to penetrate a few feet of soil, to blend our sewage with our drinking water. A realistic account of the likely consequences may be read in Mr. Nevil Shute's book, *What Happened to the Corbetts*. None of us can any longer regard the pictures drawn in that book as outside the possible.

The sanitary precautions that have proved so effective in peace time being thus liable at any moment to be rendered inoperative, what further measures can be taken to lessen the danger of germ-caused epidemics? So far as several of the diseases that most immediately threaten us are concerned, we have an effective defensive procedure at our disposal. The name given to that procedure is immunization.

A knowledge of the basic facts on which this procedure rests is essential to its understanding. Though they will be familiar to many readers, they will be unfamiliar to more. I will state them as briefly as I can. All, or nearly all, infectious diseases, are directly associated with the vital activities of minute living organisms invisible to the naked eye, though for the most part visible under the microscope. They have been classified under three headings: bacteria, protozoa, and viruses. The germ associated with malaria is a protozoon; whilst typhoid fever, diphtheria, scarlet fever, tetanus and tuberculosis are consequent on the invasion of bacteria. The so-called virus entities are invisible under the highest powers of our ordinary microscopes, and as yet we have no certain means of countering the diseases they cause. The common cold and influenza are examples of virus diseases. For immediate purposes, the bacterial group is, perhaps, the most important to consider; but it is against bacteria that we can most effectively defend ourselves.

Bacteria are, then, minute vegetable organisms so small that it takes billions of them to weigh a grain. It has been said that "a microbe is to a mushroom as a comma is to a cathedral." They are capable, however, of such rapid multiplication when established in suitable soil that one cholera bacillus might, in favourable circumstances in one day, become 5,000,000,000,000,000,000,000; weighing, together, over seven thousand pounds. Fortunately, the great majority of bacteria are perfectly harmless to us. Indeed, without them, it is doubtful if human life would be possible on this planet. On their activities in the soil, the life of nearly all our vegetables, and therefore of the animals which feed on vegetables, depends.

In the absence of defences, the potentialities of those kinds of bacteria which are parasitic on man are limited only by the continued existence of man. But for the defences with which nature has furnished us, our species would long ago have been exterminated. To understand these defences we need to have a clear picture of the eternal warfare in which these micro-organisms are engaged, and of the weapons they employ.

From very early times, an occasional speculative philosopher propounded theories suggesting that many diseases were caused by the inhalation of minute organisms too small to be seen by the human eye. In 1762, Marcus Plenciz, of Vienna, argued that there was a particular micro-organism of every disease; but, prescient as was his supposition, his argument was based on theory. A few weeks ago, I was reading an excellent and thought-provoking book called *Medical Notes and Reflections*, by Sir Henry Holland, Physician to Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. The book was published in 1839, and the last chapter is titled "The Hypothesis of Animalcule life as a Cause of Disease?" In the opening words of the chapter, the author says:

> I put this title interrogatively as expressing what, is at present, merely a speculation . . . . The question under its most general form is—What weight may we attach to the opinion that certain diseases, and especially some of epidemic and contagious kind, are derived from species of animal life; existing in the atmosphere under particular circumstances; and capable by application to the lining membranes, or other parts, of acting as a virus on the human body? . . . . This is by no means a new speculation; and it would seem to have been much more frequently stated during the last century, than at the present time. The greater exactness of modern enquiry rightly represses all opinions which have not explicit facts for their support. Though the course of discovery has recently been approaching, in some points, nearer to the hypothesis in question, it still furnishes nothing beyond stronger presumptions and more numerous analogies; nor has any endeavour been made to collect or class these, with a view to more general results. Nevertheless the subject is one fairly open to inquiry; and the more reasonably so, as we possess no information regarding the causes of these maladies which can supersede research.

The medical art of to-day, though it is still largely based on tradition, is increasingly establishing roots in observed facts scientifically investigated and arranged. Treatment is no longer purely empiric, though empiricism retains still a large and, for the time being, necessary place. The two main sciences on which modern medicine rests are anatomy and physiology—the latter including such parts of chemistry,

physics and psychology as are relevant to its problems. The real pioneer of the science of human anatomy was Andreas Vesalius, whose great illustrated work *De corporis humani fabrica libri septem* appeared in 1543, in 660 folio pages with over 300 copper engravings. Several hundred years later, the discovery of the microscope threw further light on our bodily structure; and in 1839, Theodor Schwann showed that all the tissues of the body are composed of units invisible to the naked eye, these being the units which we now know as animal cells. At the same time, it was discovered that there exist in nature minute living organisms each consisting of a single cell. The inference, that neither the human body, nor the various tissues that compose it, are ultimate entities, but are organized communities of living cells, naturally followed. And so, step by step, was built up the conception of structural anatomy that is universal among students to-day. At the beginning of the seventeenth century was laid the foundation-stone of modern physiology, the science concerned with the functions and activities of the several bodily parts. William Harvey holds much the same place in the history of physiology as that held by Vesalius in the history of anatomy. It is the knowledge revealed to us by Harvey and his successors through the two succeeding centuries that enables us to understand, even as well as we do, the nature of disease, the means by which it is overcome, and the ways in which we may hope usefully to apply our knowledge and skill to the task of healing.

The human body is now known to be an organized composite of millions of microscopic entities. Each of these tiny cells is a highly complicated organism, closely resembling the unicellular animalcules which can be seen under the microscope in almost any drop of water from a freshwater pond or stagnant rainwater pool. These animalcules may be observed to move slowly through the fluid medium in which they live. Occasionally, they may be seen to come into contact with another particle—possibly even smaller than themselves. Sometimes they move away from this object; at other times they push out a part of themselves and engulf it. Such an object is often a microscopic living vegetable—a bacterium or whatnot. Within the body of the animalcule the lower organism dies, and the nourishing part of it is digested, and incorporated into the body of this primitive vegetarian. Later, as we know to our cost, races of microscopic vegetables were self-protectively evolved, possessed of defensive powers against these animal attacks. Need of food led to strange and complicated develop-

ments and cellular conglomerations in the descendants of the animalcules and of the unicellular vegetables. And so, the scientists tell us, all the thousands of varieties of animals and plants, including man, came into existence. Numerous species of the tiniest animals and plants, however, persisted in their minute and unicellular form; and among these species of bacteria and animalcules are to be found the deadly causes of practically all our epidemic diseases. At the very bottom of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, the unicellular organisms of both divisions are separated by the most shadowy of lines. Yet, even here we may observe the age-long fight for supremacy. The lowliest amoeba, like its relative, the phagocyte, feeds largely on the bacteria and other humble "vegetables" which it encounters. And, just as stinging-nettles and hawthorns have developed protective weapons to help them to survive in a world in which grazing and browsing animals abound, so have some varieties of bacteria acquired the faculty of manufacturing poisons calculated to drive off or destroy the animalcules which threaten to consume them—often reversing the relation of eater and eaten. The animalcules have reciprocated with antidotes and counter-poisons. And, when we remember how large a proportion of the serious ailments that afflict mankind has already been traced to the activities of some or other micro-organism or "germ," and further bear in mind that our body is entirely made up of a complexity of living animal cells, each one of which still retains many of the properties of the detached amæboid cell, the relevance of microscopic biology to human physiology is clear.

But by no means all the living cells within us are, in the ordinary sense, physically tied to one another. In our blood and in our more solid tissues are to be found thousands of mobile cells which wander at large, playing an active and purposeful part in our preservation. We get abundant evidence of this when we suffer even the most trifling external injury. At the slightest wound, an army of these mobile cells, or leucocytes, comes post-haste to the injured part, their arrival being helped by the dilatation of the local blood-vessels and the consequent increased flow of blood. We then see, if any germs have effected an entry, all those signs of inflammation such as pain, redness, swelling, and so on, which indicate the existence of a local battle. If the battlefield can be more or less completely cut off from the rest of the body, few constitutional or general symptoms will show themselves. But the natural defences do not always suffice thus to limit the sphere of active

operations. Bacterial poisons, and even the bacteria themselves, may succeed in getting through the cordon and in entering the lymph stream, or even the blood. Thus may arise a condition of toxæmia, possibly with grave consequences to ourselves.

It has long been observed that of any group of men, women, or children, equally exposed to infection, some individuals will contract the disease, while others will escape. In other words, the latter prove themselves relatively immune. Naturally enough, the question long ago suggested itself: "To what differences between the two groups is the varying susceptibility due?" Our domestic animals are exempt from many infectious diseases to which mankind is subject. Though all our children may be down with measles, yet the kittens and the puppies, even if they run in and out of the sick room, do not fall victims. There is no evidence that man can catch the distemper which is decimating his kennels, or that his horse can contract scarlet fever from the ostler who grooms him. But this varying susceptibility is almost as noticeable a phenomenon among different human beings as among different species of animals.

Then, again, a child who has just recovered from scarlet fever or diphtheria can, with practical impunity, be exposed to degrees of infection which would certainly prove disastrous to the majority of children, and, even in his own case would, previous to his sickness, have certainly led to the contraction of the disease. In other words, his illness has rendered him immune. Some change has occurred which makes him no longer congenial soil wherein the germs of these particular diseases can thrive and multiply. This curious protective effect of an illness from which one has recovered has long been recognized; and, not so long ago, parents used deliberately to scheme that their children should catch measles or some other fever while they were young, so that they might be guarded against contracting it at a later stage, when it might be more inconvenient or much more serious. In the days when smallpox was common in their country, many people took steps to be infected with that disease when their health was good and they were at the top of their form, in order to avoid the extra risks which they would run if they happened to catch the disease when they were weak or run-down. Later, it was discovered, almost accidentally, that immunity, so far as this particular disease is concerned, could be secured just about as effectively by infecting susceptible individuals with the com-

plaint known as cow-pox, which generally produces hardly any disturbance of health at all. And so the practice of vaccination with a living virus became established.

Our tissues possess the remarkable property, when their activity is threatened by hostile germs that have effected an entrance into the body and begun to pour their poisons into the blood, of manufacturing antidotes that tend to neutralize these poisons—generally by combining with them to form inert substances. When recovery has taken place, there remains in the blood an excess of this antidote or "antitoxin." This fact explains why it is that anyone who has got over an attack of small-pox, or scarlet fever, or diphtheria, or typhoid, or any one of a large number of disorders, is, for a time, practically immune from further attack by that particular disease. It is this natural process which is promoted or imitated in vaccination and in the injection of antitoxic serum. But vaccination and the injection of antitoxins are not one and the same thing. Vaccination and prophylactic inoculation essentially consist in the introduction into the body of the actual bacteria or bacterial toxin, usually in a dead or sterilized state; the purpose being to provoke the ordinary healthy tissues to manufacture a supply of protective substances—that is to say, of antitoxins—so that the blood may be able promptly to kill the germs or neutralize the poisons of the disease itself, should subsequent gross infection occur. In vaccination, no actual antidotes are introduced from outside; the aim being artificially to stimulate the natural defensive powers of the body itself.

Diphtheria is, nowadays, usually treated by the injection of diphtheria-antitoxin. This substance is obtained by inoculating a horse or other animal with a small dose of diphtheria-toxin—in other words, by vaccinating it with diphtheria in a mild form. In consequence, the horse's blood becomes charged with diphtheria-anti-toxin spontaneously produced by the animal's tissues. A somewhat larger dose of the poison is then injected, with the result that the blood becomes still richer in antitoxin. This process of gradually increased dosing is continued until the desired degree of saturation has been attained. A little of the horse's blood is then drawn off, and it is the fluid part of that blood which constitutes the anti-diphtheritic serum which has saved many thousands of children's lives.

But the treatment of disease is essentially a matter for the doctor. It is as to the possible means of prevention, the duty

of the public to become informed. Scientific research has now placed at our disposal methods of prophylactic inoculation whereby our susceptibility to certain diseases—even though exposed to abnormal risk of infection—can be enormously decreased, if not altogether abolished. These are diseases to which millions of our people are at present abnormally exposed. It is certain that by timely inoculation of the whole population in our danger areas against diphtheria, typhoid, the paratyphoids, and tetanus, the lives of many thousands of people might be saved.

(Dr. Harry Roberts has been a medical practitioner in London's East End for many years.)

THE EIRE BASES

By Jim Phelan

IN recent months, British losses from submarine warfare have been mounting. By November the figures had nearly reached the level of June, 1917, the highest point marked in the last war. After the latter date, the submarine menace was mastered, mainly by control of the Atlantic from Lough Swilly and Cobh. At present this control is even more essential, since enemy submarines are obviously operating from French ports. The Irish bases give an advantage, inasmuch as they are far to the west of any British base. But Eire is neutral.

The majority of the Irish, especially in the country districts, do genuinely believe everything that is evil of the British. It must be remembered that they have several centuries of history to support their beliefs. But the Irish farmers and shopkeepers are not swayed by any hatred of Britain at present. There is no vindictiveness in their automatic support of De Valera's blunt refusal to consider leasing the bases. Nazism does not appear a menace to them, nor are they perturbed because British ships may be imperilled while those bases are unused. They simply do not care.

If this fact of the sincere and complete indifference of the Irish can be grasped, the way to a solution in the problem of the bases becomes plain. Few writers in Britain appear to have grasped it up to now. With maddening monotony they divide into two groups—those who regard Eire as a hostile and treacherous enemy, deliberately proffering an advantage to the Nazi submarines, and those who look upon the Irish as laggard but loyal members of the Empire community, to be urged into action by reminders of the Empire's greatness and appeals for solidarity. Neither view is correct. But the first is merely a mistake, and evokes laughter in Tipperary and Donegal; the second is a blunder and arouses antagonism.

Either the 1921 Treaty, and the subsequent legislation, mean nothing at all (as most Irish Republicans assert) or they mean that Eire has a perfect right to choose neutrality if it be considered desirable. Several recent British commentators

obviously and implicitly take the former view. One brilliant naval writer on the subject of the bases had as his main argument the assertion that Eire is part of the British Empire and as such must surrender the bases. In other words, he abolished the 1921 Treaty in fourteen words. Every Republican leader in Ireland will thank him.

An attempt to use force in the acquisition of the harbours, as suggested in at least two journals, would be best—from De Valera's point of view. The recalcitrant middleen, the I.R.A., the uncertain peasantry, would all be lined up behind him, at last, in a little side-line war for "justice." But no attempt to lease the bases, or to traffic openly for them as against the dissolution of the Ulster "border," can possibly succeed, because of the McMurrough history and its importance in Irish history.* De Valera would probably give both his hands for a Treaty abolishing the "border." He would not dare to sign it, if it included "bringing back the English." Political death for himself and civil war for his country would be the only immediate results of such a bargain. Wherefore he reiterates his negative.

Any endeavour, instigated by the British, to haggle for the leasing of the bases to, say, De Gaulle or the United States would fail. It has to be borne in mind that the Irish people are politically-sophisticated if ingenuous in other ways.

Thus it would appear that there is nothing to be done. Yet, since those bases *must* be used against the submarines unless the British propose to stand supine and see their merchant shipping destroyed, it might appear that the hotheads and the politically-illiterate should have their way after all. Fortunately, for Eire and Britain, there are other ways.

The first needs only academic mention, although every Irishman knows it would succeed at once. If the British Government, without a treaty, without any buying or selling, with no guarantee or *quid pro quo* of any kind, were to abandon the partition of Ireland, there would be no further talk of neutrality and no need to buy bases in Eire. The whole partition episode was very unsavoury, at best. Even the British records show it to have been on the verge of political trickery. Almost the only persons to approve were the late Lord Craigavon and his friends. With the border gone, the two nations could front one another as political equals, with a common, and invaluable, possession in the Atlantic.

*Seven centuries before Quisling, an Irishman named McMurrough "brought over the English."

But we live in an age of treaties and bargains and Levantine hagglings. Even if the treaties are misinterpreted or the bargains and promises forgotten, we still go through the motions of making all safe and business-like, on paper. Whence, no one is likely to try *that* way of dealing with the submarine menace in the Atlantic. But it must be recorded.

The alternative method, equally certain but not so speedy, is an off-shoot of the first. It is often forgotten that there are five times as many Irish in America as in Eire. It is generally unknown that they are extremely well organized. British readers seldom realize that the American Irish do genuinely wield a tremendous influence in the "old country"—even if neither they nor their fathers nor grandfathers have ever seen it. The ties between the two groups of Irish are legion. Eire is much more like Iowa than like Wales. De Valera's protest against the British request for the bases went to America, to the chief Irish organization. His electorate is really twenty millions—and fifteen of those millions want the Atlantic "kept clean" to-day.

The position was not always so fortunate for the British. Outside the files of Scotland Yard, Washington and Dublin, it is hardly recorded that the American Irish were the main prop of the struggle against the British Government in Ireland, from 1916 to 1922.* They sent men, guns, propaganda, besides swinging a terrific anti-British campaign in the United States at the close of the last war. They sent two hundred million dollars in cash, to fight the British. For 97 years they have been anti-British by tradition. Now they are anti-Nazi in practice. It would be folly not to use such an enormous lever, especially since there is no need to put any pressure on it. De Valera knows. That is why his protests went to an Irish-American organization instead of to the Governments of the Eastern Hemisphere.

It has been said that the bonds between the "two Irish nations" are numerous. One of the strongest concerns the very bases under discussion. Parts of Lough Swilly, Cobh

*Something not generally recognized here is that the I.R.A. in its heyday was practically an American organization. Whitehall knows, of course, and Dublin Castle knew, before the treaty of 1921. The records of Scotland Yard, from 1865 and before, until but recently, left no room for error as to where the mainspring of Irish Republicanism was located. The comings and goings, between Ireland and the States, in the years of the "troubles" almost constitute an epic. Most of the guns, the best of the men, all the money, for the two little wars, came from the non-resident Irish. It was no accident that John Devoy and O'Donovan Rossa, rebel leaders, lived and died in America. Nor that Sean Russell stated his case for the British bombings in Philadelphia instead of Tipperary

Harbour, Berehaven and Blacksod Bay were the American bases in the anti-submarine campaign at the end of the last war. Thousands of Irish "came home," in the American ships and submarine chasers, to Buncrana and the coast of Cork. They really did a tremendous job, which has been but scantily recorded. They did in part ease the anti-British pressure, at any rate for the early part of 1918. Above all, they built a reckless, care-free, swashbuckling tradition, in and around those bases, that the "boys" had come home to keep the herring-pond clean. It holds good to-day.

The present United States Government has almost a survival-interest in Buncrana and Cobh and the other gates of the Atlantic. No discussion is necessary as to Washington's appraisal of the British Navy's function as a prophylactic. The sending over of the American destroyers is sufficient indication as to where that government's present interests lie. Already there has been a giving and swapping, in ships and bases, until nothing is certain except that both British and Americans are feverishly intent on making the Atlantic safe. Behind those decisions of Roosevelt and his circle press the millions of the Democratic Party. Quite the largest fraction is that made up of the Irish. It would almost be true to say that in many districts the Irish *are* the Democratic Party. And for the first time in close on a century they are on the same side as the British.

Unless some obsolescent politician on this side, intent on maintaining ancient formalities, should intervene to smother frank discussion in the name of "national" dignity, the whole question of the bases can be settled between the governments of Eire and the United States without delay. Eire's neutrality and her indifference to all arguments regarding the survival-value of the harbours to Britain are dangerously sincere. Hardly anyone in Ireland believes that there is any peril whatever in the advance of Nazism. Not because the people are Fascist or ultra-nationalist, but mainly because seven centuries of black history make anything un-British seem white. The Irish in Eire are not afraid of Nazism, in the main. The Irish in America are. There are plenty of the latter in the United States government. They, with the Irish-American organizations behind them, can show sufficient cause for keeping submarines out of the North Atlantic. The indifference will disappear, after or even before the first talk—if only the settlement is left entirely to the Americans.

There is the only danger. Some few, inelastic socially or

politically, may raise protest that the bases are " ours " (meaning Britain's) and cannot be thrown away at the beckon of a foreign government across the Atlantic. It is only necessary to remember two things: the bases are not " ours;" and already more valuable tracts have been ceded, to the United States, in accordance with the naval necessity which is operative in the case of the Irish bases too. Given a free hand, Washington and the Irish-American organizations can convince Eire and De Valera that the fifteen million who sent the dollars to fight the British are now sending more than dollars to fight Nazism; that America's frontiers are in Portsmouth and Buncrana and Cobh; that the survival of the greater as well as the smaller Ireland may well depend upon a return to the " sub-chasing " days of 1918. There will be no difficulties.

It would be foolish to suggest the form of the conference. But experience of the Irish on both sides of the Atlantic would indicate some few methods of saving valuable time. De Valera's protest went to the Society for the Recognition of the Irish Republic. This is a powerful organization, with great political " pull " in both countries. Violently anti-British until about seventeen years ago, indifferent for the past eight years, most of its members are now anti-Nazi and little else. No American Government, least of all a Democratic administration, has ever attempted to ignore them. (One has only to recall the very Irish names in American politics and diplomacy.) It is possible, and even probable, that a nominee qualified to speak for the United States would also be a member of the Society mentioned. In that case there would be no need for " pointers."

The bases will be leased to the United States, without haggling or quibble, provided always that there is no suspicion of threat or double-dealing on the part of the British Government. (The Irish have had a long, long training in political suspicion!) Nor will there be. The foolish few who have been advocating hostility and haste found no support. The ingenuous who have been proffering unacceptable bargains are already discredited. De Valera will not set up any obstacles. Because his parliamentary majority really exists in the United States. And no one knows it better than De Valera.

IS ATOMIC POWER NEAR?

By J. G. Crowther

THE chief sources of productive power in ancient, medieval and modern society were, respectively, slaves, water and coal. The societies of these periods tended respectively towards tyranny, serfdom and democracy, and there is a relation between each of these characteristic forms of social organization and these three types of power.

If coal is superseded by a new major form of power, it seems probable that this event will be accompanied by social transformations as great as any that have occurred in the past. For this reason, the possibility of the supersession of coal is a matter not merely of scientific interest, but of the greatest social importance.

Scientific discoveries made during the last two years have brought the invention of a new major source of power, the power inside the atom, within the realm of possibility. At any moment now a practical method of harnessing atomic power may be found. The solution may not come on a very large scale at first, but from the beginning it will have unique features, which may give its possessors the mastery of certain key machines, such as the aeroplane, and hence the mastery of the world, and the shaping of its social destiny. Nothing could be more important to men of foresight than the question of atomic power. How does it stand to-day?

Atomic power has already been available for forty-five years, ever since the discovery of radioactivity in 1896. It was soon found that radium was an almost inexhaustible source of heat, and that this was produced by the release of power through the explosion of radium atoms. Unfortunately, radium exists only in very small scattered quantities, and cannot be collected into sufficiently large lumps to be of use as a sort of coal that glows (almost) for ever. Nevertheless, the atomic power produced by radium and a few other substances is sufficient to be responsible for man's existence. If the earth did not contain heat-producing radio-active substances, it would probably long ago have become far too cold to support any form of life.

The earth at this very moment is in fact a crude form of atomic power engine. So when too-knowing people say that atomic power never has been, and never will be of any importance to man, reserve your judgment.

Consider the following facts. Shortly after radioactivity was discovered, Rutherford perceived that it must be due to the spontaneous explosion of atoms, and he was immediately seized with the grand idea, which guided his researches through the remainder of his life, that the investigation of the phenomena of radioactivity could be made to reveal the structure of atoms. The bits flung from the exploding atoms were the bricks out of which they were built, and the enormous energy of the flying bits was derived from the power within the atoms.

At first, the power within the atom seemed infinite, and some thought that it must be continually poured into the atom by a backdoor from another world. But the young Einstein soon explained where it came from. His theory of relativity showed that atoms, and all matter, were merely a congealed form of power. When matter and its constituent atoms is annihilated, power is released. The quantity of power congealed in an atom can be calculated from Einstein's theory, and it is very large. This was the reason why some radioactive substances seemed to be able to produce power for ever. If 1 lb. of atoms could be annihilated, they would furnish about one million horse power for ten thousand hours; which would be enough to supply London with electrical energy for about a year.

Rutherford pursued his grand idea with such success that by 1911 he had made radioactivity reveal the structure of the atom. The structure consisted of a very small compact nucleus, with electrons circling around, like planets around a central sun. He then aimed at changing the structure of atoms. The method he used was quite simple; in essence it was the same as that used by a burglar who dynamites a safe. He put a charge of radium atoms near some atoms of nitrogen. The radium atoms presently exploded in their usual way, and knocked bits off the nitrogen atoms. It was afterwards proved that the atoms of nitrogen had been transmuted into atoms of oxygen. Rutherford had achieved the dream of the alchemists. He had transmuted elements from one form into another. Quite recently, his American followers have succeeded in making gold out of other metals, though not yet on a commercial scale.

Rutherford had accomplished all this, but there was one problem in particular that baffled him. He had taken atoms to pieces and shown that they contained a lot of particles with positive and negative electric charges, but he could not discover how these particles could be put together again to make new atoms. He could not find the secret of the creation of the material universe. The difficulty was very simple. Particles with like electric charges repel each other, and cannot be brought into very close contact. The atoms of matter, the substance of the earth and stars could in no way have been built up out of the charged particles known to him in 1919. Reflecting on these things, Rutherford saw that a fundamental particle without an electric charge must exist, because the atoms of matter could not be built up without it. In 1920, in one of the greatest prophecies ever made in the history of science, he not only said that this neutral particle must exist, he gave also a detailed forecast of its properties. This particle, the neutron, was discovered by his colleague Chadwick twelve years later, in 1932.

Rutherford forecast in 1920 that as this particle had no electric charge it would not be repelled by the electrically charged nucleus, the centre-piece, of the atom. It would be able to slip right inside the atom, and transmute it quite easily. Fourteen years later, in 1934, the Italian scientist Fermi discovered a good way of performing this trick, and accomplished a bewildering series of transmutations.

The early transmutations had all been done with light atoms because the charge on them was not sufficient to withstand radioactive explosives. But the heavy atoms, like those of uranium, had large electric charges, and withstood bombardments from the splinters of exploding radium atoms. The neutron, however, owing to its lack of charge, was not repelled by the uranium nucleus, and was able to slip inside without difficulty.

Early in 1939, two German scientists, Hahn and Strassmann, showed that neutrons could split atoms of uranium into two roughly equal parts, and that each time this happened, an enormous amount of energy was released. In fact, a neutron with an energy of one-thirtieth of a volt was able to release about 200,000,000 electron-volts of energy from a uranium atom; or 6,000,000,000 times as much energy as it possessed itself. The origin of this energy is easily explained. The sum of the weights of the two parts into which the uranium atom splits is less than the weight of the uranium atom. The weight

that disappears, reappears, as Einstein's theory indicates, as energy, and as the loss of weight is considerable, the amount of energy produced is large.

The wonders of the uranium explosion do not end here. It was explained that Rutherford forecast the existence of the neutron because he could not conceive how atoms could be built up without it. The nuclei of atoms are in fact compounded largely of neutrons. So when a uranium atom is split by a neutron, several neutrons are released from inside it during the explosion. The French scientist Joliot proved by experiment that this happens. The discovery raises an extraordinarily significant possibility. If you shoot a neutron into a lump of uranium, it will explode one of the uranium atoms. This in its turn will emit four neutrons, which may explode four more uranium atoms. Very soon vast numbers of uranium atoms might be exploding simultaneously, with a colossal release of energy. Thus a uranium bomb could be conceived, which would be vastly more powerful than any existing explosive.

However, things are not as simple as that. The United States Bureau of Mines had at one time a pile of several tons of pure uranium oxide at a place in Colorado, and nothing untoward happened. Further research has shown that this is not surprizing, because there are three sorts of uranium atoms, and one of them is split by neutrons far more easily than the others. Ordinary uranium contains only three per cent. of this sensitive sort.

One might think that it would be quite hopeless to try to separate this sensitive sort of uranium from the rest. But the possibilities are so remarkable that it might be worth while, even if very difficult.

Uranium is a heavy metal, whose compounds in nature are found in association with radium. It is slightly radioactive, and breaks down into simpler substances, one of which is radium. This explains why they are found together. They are mixed in proportions of about five million parts of uranium to one of radium. As the annual world-production of radium is about ten grams, it follows that about 80,000 lb. of uranium could be available as a by-product. Three per cent. of this, or about 570 lb. consists of the uranium specially sensitive to neutrons.

Suppose now that this 570 lb. were separated, and portions of it were bombarded with neutrons. These can be obtained

from a cyclotron. They might act as triggers for starting a chain of atomic explosions, making an atomic bomb.

But what is probably more important, the rate of explosion of the sensitive uranium atoms might be controlled, and kept at a steady but high rate, producing a steady source of power far more intense than anything known before. As all this would come from one small piece of uranium, once the process had been started, it seems that the process might be made the basis of a new form of engine far lighter for a given output of power than any existing engine. The implications of this for aviation are obvious.

Two questions immediately follow. Would there be any conceivable way of controlling the chain explosion of sensitive uranium once it had begun; and can sensitive uranium atoms be separated from the other sorts? The answer to the first question seems to be fantastically simple. It can probably be done merely by surrounding the uranium with water.

It is known that when a uranium atom splits, four neutrons are released, one of which moves slowly and the others fast. Now only the slow neutron is an effective splitter. So by itself, even a lump of sensitive uranium is not likely to explode, because the single slow neutron will not always succeed in catching an adjacent uranium atom and splitting it, and so starting the chain of atomic explosions. But if fast neutrons are surrounded with water, their speed is reduced through their collisions with the atoms of hydrogen in the water. So if an exploding sensitive uranium atom is surrounded by water, the three fast neutrons will be slowed down, making four slow neutrons altogether. These may have a fair chance of setting off more than one adjacent uranium atom, and thus producing an increasing output of energy. If the output becomes too fierce, and a terrestrial explosion appears imminent, it can be prevented merely by whisking the water away. In any case, by careful manipulation of the water, the splitting process may be kept under control.

The answer to the second question, as to whether the three per cent. sensitive uranium atoms can be separated from the others, is being eagerly sought. It is very difficult to separate atoms with the same chemical properties from each other, but it has been done. The most notable case is heavy hydrogen. The existence of heavy hydrogen was discovered by Urey in 1931, and heavy hydrogen, one hundred per cent. pure, is an article of commerce.

The methods of separating atoms with similar chemical

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properties but different weights, or isotopes, as they are named, have recently been reviewed by Urey himself. He considers that the most promising instrument for separating the different sorts of uranium atoms is the centrifuge. J. W. Beams, of the University of Virginia, who has invented centrifuges that float on air and are blown round at an enormous speed by an air blast, has recently shown that the different sorts of atoms in chlorine may be separated by this machine. The principle is simple. If a vapour contains particles of different masses, then when it is whirled round in a cylinder, the heavier particles will tend to accumulate at the side of the cylinder, while the lighter particles will accumulate near the axis. So if the axis is hollow, and the vapour near it is slowly sucked out, this vapour will contain rather more lighter particles than that which remains near the side of the cylinder. Beams has proved this by experiment.

The next point is whether uranium or its compounds can be obtained as a vapour at ordinary temperatures. A compound of uranium with fluorine boils at a temperature of 56° Centigrade, so the answer is yes. This substance happens not to be convenient for the purpose, but perhaps better ones will be found. Of course, the problem may ultimately be solved by quite different methods, but these details show that a solution is not inconceivable.

Since 1931, heavy hydrogen has been discovered, and is now a commercial product. As Urey says: 'With all this advance in ten years, the separation of isotopes for physical, chemical and biochemical research is only a matter of time."

And if the sensitive uranium is to be available separately, what may we expect? K. H. Kingdon of the General Electric Company does not think that it will displace our present sources of power, but it will have important applications, for he estimates that one pound of sensitive uranium may reasonably be expected to produce several million times as much power as one pound of coal.

Such is the position. Atomic power may be just round the corner. Not immediately in very large quantities, but in considerable very intense units, which may revolutionize certain key forms of machinery.

It will have been noticed how much British scientists have contributed towards this development. By discovering the structure of the atom, and the neutron, they have so far contributed the lion's share. And even Otto Hahn, the German who discovered two years ago how to split uranium, received

his crucial training in England. His first work in radioactivity was done in Ramsay's laboratory in London in 1905. Then he went to work under Rutherford at Montreal for a year.

The British people ought to insist that the scientists in this field should receive the most determined mental and material encouragement. The lead in the development of atomic power and its industrial applications, which promises as great consequences as the invention of the steam engine, should not be surrendered to others.

HELEN SIMPSON

By Dorothy L. Sayers

I FIRST met Helen de Guerry Simpson about ten years ago, when she was elected to membership of the Detection Club. The unanimous determination of obituary journalists to pretend that we were closely associated at Oxford is merely an instance of their obstinacy in "coaxing the unveracious out of the nonexistent." (I can hear her commiserating and derisory: "Ah, poor toads!")

Thus I cannot embarrass her memory with undergraduate anecdotes or arch revelations of the undeveloped. My recollection begins with the accomplished woman; and that adjective becomes her. She was remarkable in any company; not merely for her handsome looks and deep, persuasive voice, but especially for the gracious poise of her manner. Her mixed heredity—part Australian and part French—displayed itself typically in a certain squareness of bodily build, combined with a singular elegance of gesture. Her mental accomplishment was exceedingly varied and urbane, ranging from music to cookery, from the study of medieval sorcery to an eager interest in social and political reform, from a polished (though perhaps not profound) scholarship to a witty topicality; *nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.* Indeed, for all her vigorous modernity, it would be easier to pay tribute to her peculiar quality in the flowing and compendious periods of a more Augustan age than in the hasty pigeon-holing manner which is all that the present time affords or approves.

The Detection Club, when she joined it, had just made a little money by the publication of *The Floating Admiral*, and was entering into possession of its premises in Gerrard Street. Helen was charged by the Committee with the task of furnishing us and settling us in. The astonishing amount of comfort that she obtained for our small appropriation, she explained, characteristically, by the fact that she could command the friendly services of "a grateful Jew." This excellent man, who kept a second-hand store, was grateful, in the first place, to her husband's skill in surgery; but I am sure—or rather, I

know—that, like the rest of us, he had fallen under the spell of that eager sympathy and interest which overflowed from Helen herself on the most casual shopping expedition—and indeed everywhere, on everybody and on all occasions. I do not think I have ever met a person so vividly and unfeignedly interested in her fellow-men and their affairs. Total strangers poured their troubles into her sympathetic ears, and her friends besieged her house continually, with the undisguised object of telling her all about themselves. Bus-passengers to whom she was only a musical voice in the darkness confided to her their personal difficulties; booksellers lent her valuable volumes and jewellers, valuable rings, for the mere pleasure of her pleasure in handling them; importunate nonentities showered their manuscripts upon her, and actually received the advice and encouragement they sought for; agitated wives with erring husbands talked themselves into sanity upon her sofa; forlorn ladies whose neighbours were undermining their constitutions with black magic wrote imploring her aid, and were comforted —not with advice to consult the physician, call in the parson, or pull themselves together—but with " a good strong charm " suited to their condition and extracted from an authoritative manual of sorcery. No demand was too outrageous. I have myself commandeered her abundant hospitality for an entire company of actors, because I thought they were becoming a little exhausted and fretful, and would be encouraged by a nice party with tea and fortune-telling. She had great skill with the Tarots, not slavishly following the " divinitory methods " of the books, but using the cards as a focus for her acute sensitiveness to the psychology of her subjects. The entertainment was a great success, and large, sentimental comedians staggered out, shaken and enchanted, from their encounter with the Pythoness, having unbosomed themselves of all their manly frailties. She entered into this game—as also into the serio-comic game of Detection-Club " initiation ceremonies "—with that ceremonial gravity which commands the " willing suspension of disbelief; " while a salutary realism prompted her to remove beforehand from the pack cards—such as Death, the Tower, and the Ace and Ten of Swords—whose eye-piercing message might have had too shattering an effect on the histrionic temperament.

For deep within her generous and understanding sympathy with weak humanity was a steel core of dispassionate criticism, inherited, no doubt, from those French ancestors whose portraits she drew in *Boomerang*. Her universal kindliness

was none the less sincere for being passed through the tempering solution of a delicate and caustic wit. Moreover, she was an admirable mimic. Her friends, I fear, were sometimes unscrupulous enough to pass on to Helen some of the more preposterous freaks that haunt the doorsteps of the literary profession. Not only were these poor nuisances thus taken off one's hands and discharged upon the world soothed and satisfied; but one could look forward to following them up next day, and hearing the interview reproduced in exquisite parody, without exaggeration and wholly without malice. The most leaden fool, passed through her transmuting crucible, became a little gem of fantastic brilliance—a craftsman's piece, curiously wrought. When Helen laid the Tarots for herself, she chose a Wand to represent her; but I am not quite sure that she was right. For the Wands typify creative energy, self-moved and self-sufficient, and, fine artist as she was, I do not think she possessed either the explosive fertility or the ruthless and battering egotism of the demoniac creator. She was more truly, I believe, a Cup—a creative interpreter, gathering in the world of creative phenomena in order to pour it out again.

Her books were of this kind. She excelled in the recreation of historic fact in the Medea's cauldron of fancy: her ancestral and personal history in *Boomerang*; the Königsmarck tragedy in *Saraband for Dead Lovers*; early Australian history in *Under Capricorn*; odd period atmosphere in *The Woman on the Beast.* Her imagination worked most readily when stimulated by some relation of raw fact; an old diary, a common-place book, the log of some forgotten ship, a police-court report, a pamphlet or a book of memoirs. Her ear was sensitive to reproduce heard rhythms, and she had a master-hand for pastiche. Here, perhaps, her own gift did her injury. She could patch and extend a contemporary document with her imagination, working so accurately in the medium that the ear was puzzled to detect the join; so that sometimes her work suffered from that kind of remoteness and astringency which attends on the transcript of fact. A more bludgeoning intrusion of the maker's hand might have given the narrative more directness and body; yet for those who have a dry taste in wines, the savour of her vintage was delicately satisfying. No one who knew her could fail to be struck, first and foremost, by the brilliant vitality and vigorous mental drive which she brought to her attack upon life; perhaps her books did not altogether convey this to the world at large. If so, it was

because she was a Cup, and gave to living what the Wand concentrates on creation.

Her writing was witty, and her conversation no less. Needless to say, she was an adept at the game of conversation by quotation. It is, of course, a game that only civilized people can play, but they play it with remarkable relish. The flavour of this kind of talk, like that of all high spirits, is apt to evaporate if left standing, but I will take the risk of reporting one swift conversational exchange—the more endearing for its discreet impropriety.

MYSELF: A friend of mine got a very delicate bill the other day from a veterinary surgeon: "To altering tom-cat, 5/-."

HELEN (*without hesitation*): That "is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove."

And here—in compliance with the fashion which effects a disjunction of humanity into cat-lovers and dog-lovers, I may record that Helen, like all those who value independence of spirit, was a cat-lover.

I suppose that, if one were to sum up her attitude to the world in a phrase, it would be that she was intensely interested in it. She enjoyed it as it was and for its own sake. If she desired to make alterations in its social structure it was because she wanted every living person to be able to enjoy it with the same eager and enthralled interest as herself. Her hatred of vile social conditions, political corruption, bad education, and poverty, derived from her distress that anybody should be so ground between the upper and nether millstones of the world's working that he should not be able to rejoice in its created pattern. Shortly before the War broke out, she had become convinced that the fabric of Europe could not be rescued from the threatened collapse unless the men of vision could return from exile to take active part in political life. She felt that, though they had been increasingly driven out by the pressure of vested commercial interests, and by the clamour of semi-literate peoples, pathetically pinning their hopes upon salvation by economics, the scholar and the poet had acquiesced too readily, and remained too well content to criticize from without, instead of asserting their right and duty to lead from within. Accordingly, she made her own amends by offering to stand for Parliament; and was accepted by the Liberal party as their candidate for the Isle of Wight division. She devoted a great deal of time and energy to work in the constituency, driving about the Island in a pony-cart, to the delight of all

beholders, and throwing herself with her accustomed energy into its local affairs.* It was the first time she had really come up against the intimate structure of rural England, and she found it fascinating. As her husband, Denis Browne, might have said, "it was a new aquarium for her," and she studied its inhabitants with the exploratory delight of a Cortes discovering a new Pacific.

If she had lived to take an active part in politics, she would have turned her effects most particularly to secure improved housing, a more intelligent use of medical facilities, and, above all, a better kind of education for the people of this country. She saw very clearly the fearful menace of a universal literacy divorced from humane letters, which delivers men in their millions to be exploited by the unscrupulous playing upon their emotions through the medium of a debased and standardized art, conscienceless propaganda and a trivial press. Her aim was directed to an education which should liberate them to think with discrimination and act independently. Here, her rare combination of sympathetic imagination with a severely critical reason would have served her, and her country, well; England is very greatly the loser by her death. Her theories of education, as practised upon her own daughter, were entertaining, and remarkable for their extreme reverence for the originality and independence of the individual. Her serious respect for other people's personalities was extended to her own family: a thing not very common in practice, however much lip-service may be paid to it in educational theory.

It will be proper to add to this brief sketch something about her feeling for this country. Because she was not English by birth, she was able to examine us with something of the detachment of the foreigner, though with the steady fellow-feeling which belongs to the tie of blood and Dominion tradition. She was able to see both our virtues and our follies in dealing with the rest of the Commonwealth, and would have done valuable work in interpreting Britain and Australia to one another. She had done much already, both by her books and in visits to her native continent. Nobody, I suppose, who has not lived on both sides of the Equator can fully realize the curious dislocations of outlook that occur when they contemplate one another. "You can't imagine," she would say, "how *odd*, for instance, all European poetry becomes when you live

* In a delightful article, "Cart Canvassing," Miss Simpson described her experiences as a parliamentary candidate in THE FORTNIGHTLY, December, 1938.—Editor, THE FORTNIGHTLY.

in a country where the sun rises in the West." Indeed, a transplantation from the Antipodes must work to clear the mind of preconceptions, and the Australian may be excused a natural impatience with the kind of English statesmanship which assumes, without consideration, that the sun can rise nowhere but in the east.

Nevertheless, she had confidence. In the week that France fell, I went to see her. We were both troubled for France and for the future; and in asking her what she thought of our chances, I felt that I was asking the opinion of some one who, though with us, was not altogether of us—who could look at England in perspective from half a world away. She said: "It's bad. But I think it will be all right, because, when something like this happens, the English are rather a wonderful people."

It was strangely reassuring.

THE BATTLE OF LONDON

By Ritchie Calder

THE Nazis had broken through. Since the fall of France the flying sentinels of Dover had held them in check. Now on Black Saturday, September 7, they came.

They came suddenly. The Ten-Year-Old swiped wildly, the Eight-Year-Old missed his catch and the ball bounced into the rockery. And there it stayed, for the family-cricket match was abandoned with one accord. The sirens wailed urgently but the sound of the warning was drowned in the thunder-roll of the battle squadrons as they swept over the Surrey Downs.

An afternoon, as perfect as that summer week-end when I had met our weary, battered legions coming out of Dunkirk, became ugly with menace. The blue sky was streaked with the white icy trails, the "wash" of the *Luftwaffe*.

From the heights of the Surrey Downs I watched the air bombardment, which began the Battle of London. The bombers were so high that they could be distinguished only by their tracks traced Londonwards above our heads. There was the remote rattle of machine-gun fire and the occasional flurry of British fighters as they engaged the enemy. The white streamers became tangled and knotted in the weaving of the dog-fights. But always there were the tracks pointing like harpoons at the heart of London.

Presently there was the shudder of heavy explosions, and the heart-clutching "crump" of the distant bombs. Pillars of smoke shot skywards and spilled, like the gushers of a fresh-tapped oil-well, to be followed by tongues of flames. Even in the bright sunlight the fires were obvious across the roof-tops of London.

From a distance, one watched with the strange, unreal detachment with which one might follow a film but that detachment gave way to horror as the fires raced towards each other with the speed and remorselessness of a bush fire, fusing, so it seemed into one great fire many miles long. So much was it like a forest-fire that my first thought was that Epping Forest was ablaze—It was difficult to estimate the distance—

but as its ferocity grew I decided that Epping Forest could never have fed a fire of such extent and violence.

As the sky-battles wove a crazy pattern of white streamers and the brown, and reassuring clouds of the anti-aircraft shells burst around the bombers, there were obvious signs that the Nazis were being heavily engaged. But any satisfaction in that was quickly forgotten in the sickening thuds and volcanic haze of living fire that hung over the skyline of London.

Waves after wave came overhead. New squadrons of fighters flew in to give battle. The anti-aircraft guns raged angrily. And the bombs kept tipping into that blazing inferno.

Presently, the battle-lines broke and the bombers started streaking for home. The "Raiders Passed" sounded and, incredibly, in thousands of homes like ours in London we had tea. Yes, battered London sat down to tea. And, then, knowing what these blazing fires would mean and that the horrors of the day would be followed by the agony of the night, the mothers hurried their children to bed in the refuges.

That was the daylight raid of "Black Saturday," September 7, 1940. The subsequent communique of the Ministry of Home Security and the Air Ministry stated:

> Late this afternoon, enemy aircraft in large numbers crossed the coast of Kent and approached the London area. They were heavily engaged by our fighters and anti-aircraft guns, but a number of them succeeded in penetrating to the industrial area of East London. As a result of these attacks, fires were caused amongst industrial targets in this area. Damage was done to lighting and other public services and some dislocation to communications was caused. Attacks have also been directed against the docks. Information as to casualties is not yet available. Bombs were dropped on an industrial installation on the North Bank of the Thames estuary causing fires.

Further reports showed that 103 enemy aircraft were brought down in this daylight raid, 75 by British fighters and 28 by A.A. fire.

These heavy losses however did not discourage the night-bomber which came over with the deadly regularity of a bus service. Defiantly, they headed through the barrage. The sky was bespattered with bursting shells. The night became alive with lights, like the display of the Aurora Borealis. Searchlights reached out, swung across the sky, prodded through the gaps in the clouds and then clustered together, tented like a great marquee and in that bunching a 'plane would be caught and held, struggling like a fly in a web while anti-aircraft shells exploded around. But there were other lights, lights that

flashed and spread as bombs crashed through. And along the river was a great arc of fire.

Pitilessly, the bombers flew over that luminous reef of smoke cloud as red as the dawn that heralds a storm. Below three great fires raged, stretching East along the river. About them and in the heart of those infernos, worked the fire brigades, the auxiliary firemen, the rescue squads, the stretcher parties and the salvage men and the women of the ambulance service. The fires were both the guiding beacons for the Nazis and their main objective. Into the target area where, brightly lit and defenceless, the Civil Defence was struggling to overcome the effects of the afternoon raid, the bombers tipped their loads. In addition there was a great deal of indiscriminate bombing on other parts of London that night. From the Downs, although we could not see the dropping bombs, we could watch the bright white fire of the bursting incendiaries which turned orange red as buildings caught fire. And we could hear the crump of the high-explosives.

No one in or around London that night could feel out ot it. The bombs sounded very near and the red flood-lighting of the fires picked out the landmarks on the skyline of London, inviting, it seemed the bombers which circled overhead, dodging the barrage.

When the dawn came we looked through the haze of smoke which hung over the vast expanse of London and expected to see a mass of ruins but the familiar landmarks were there and to the smoke of war was added the smoke from thousands of chimneys were the people after a night of suspense and dread were cooking their early breakfasts. London stood.

On that Sunday I went straight into "Number 1 Target Area" that part of East London and South London, close by the docks which we had known for so long would be the object of the most violent attack when it came. For a year we had been waiting for it and now it had come, come with the ferocity which we had expected but had never fully imagined. For the next three months I was to spend most of my days and nights in the bombed areas of London, in the North, in Coventry and the Midlands and wherever the Battle of Britain was to rage, and wherever Goering's *Luftwaffe* was to range.

Until the destruction of Coventry with its devilish concentration on the centre of the City, nothing quite approached the shock of that first day after " Black Saturday." London was to feel the force of the Nazi attack continuously during the weeks which followed but somehow one became inured to

damage and was less impressed with the spectacle of bomb-destruction and more with the sufferings and with the courage of the people.

The fires had ravaged dockland on both the North and South side of the river. They were still burning fiercely when I joined the firemen in the East. Thousands had been driven from their homes, many of which were swallowed up in the blast-furnace.

In a district on the South Side where the wide area had been swept by fire, new housing estates had suffered both from the flames and from the high-explosives dumped into them. But one flat-estate of workers' homes, which, in happier days, experts had visited from all over the world, had escaped and, cut off by blackened acres and surrounded by buildings in which great steel pillars had been bent like melting wax-tapers, the people went on living. There I got my most vivid account of how the fires started.

"The bombers came over," said the docker, who described it, "and dropped incendiaries and oil-bombs. They dropped them to the windward and it seemed as though they had brought their own gale with them. There had been scarcely a breeze all day but as the first bombs dropped a gale sprung up. It was like the bellows in a forge.

"Flames came charging through the sheds, with a roar like a stampeding herd of elephants.

"We couldn't get out of our corner. We had the fire on one side and the river on the other. There was just a chance the main fire would miss us but there were incendiaries dropping all round and a lot of inflammable material was waiting to start up. Some dropped over the wall from us and some of us men from the estate climbed over with a stirrup pump."

His hands were swathed in bandages and even his eye-brows had been singed.

"Didn't seem much use fighting a fire like that with a squirt," he said cheerfully, "but I guess we scared it! It just missed our flats."

Another dockland area on the North Side had suffered much the same and the people had been trapped also between the fires and the river. Many of them had been taken off by boats when the situation became desperate.

The firefighting services had been magnificent. I saw them at work in the docks. Auxiliary Firemen had been drawn from the suburbs and from the South Coast. I saw spectacled clerks from suburbs, of which we used to think just patronisingly in terms of the 8.45-to-town, or whist drives or amateur dramatics. There were business men and shop-assistants from holiday resorts. There were young Jewish salesmen

from the East End. There were hundreds of "little men" whose lives had been staid, uneventful, unenterprising and unexciting.

Now they were heroes. They had raced into the inferno of dockland with their light vans and trailer pumps. They had shared the hazards of the night with the toughened London firemen. They had stood on water-towers swaying and rocking with every bomb-blast, above the fires which roared through the warehouses. They had worked through the bombings. Some of them had died. All of them had proved their worth. Parties of them dashed into blazing buildings with foam sprays to tackle fires which in peace-time the regulars would have tackled from fire-floats on the river. And I found them after 24 hours, blackened, red-eyed, tired, cheerful and still at it.

These men of the A.F.S. were the same type as the "little men" who, without thought of glory had put off across the Channel in small craft to bring the British Expeditionary Force out of the Hell that was Dunkirk.

They went on until they were dead beat, until many of them were taken to hospital with what the doctors now call "Dunkirk Syndrome" that is to say the same characteristics which were found among soldiers taken off the beaches—exhaustion, hunger, lack of sleep and the strain of continuous danger, unnoticed while they were "going through it" but producing neuroses afterwards.

But similar epics of heroism of civilians-in-uniform were being lived by the men and women of the other Civil Defence Services. Wardens held their posts or patrolled their beats, courting death. Girl-drivers drove their ambulances through streets of crashing ruins and exploding bombs. Stretcher parties went steadfastly into hell, like the stretcher-bearers from a Jewish post who went out and were killed, only to be followed by their comrades from the same post. Rescue parties groped in the debris of crumbling houses, by the light of the fires which raged around them. Men and women died with a courage we had once ascribed to disciplined and seasoned troops.

During the days and nights, the weeks and the months which followed, I was to see much devastation, spectacular and pathetic, of famous buildings and humble homes and to follow the "Blitz" to Merseyside, to Coventry, to Birmingham, to Bristol and to the other parts of Britain until material damage ceased to have any meaning to me, like a surgeon inured to the

sight of blood; but the impact of that week-end was unforgettable.

One could not blame the taxi-driver who, on the Sunday, was taking me through to Silvertown docks and who after a few miles of diversions through the East End and the sights which a glance up almost any side-street revealed, just stopped and refused to go on. "If we drive in there, mister," he said, pointing along the crater-pitted road that led into the docks, "and they come over again, we'll never get out."

Nor the refugees with their baggage on their backs, or piled on perambulators or stacked on cars and taxis who were trying to get away from the danger zone.

One could not blame them but one could admire the little shopkeeper who groped among the debris of his shop to sell me a packet of cigarettes, and the costers peddling their fruit among the ruins and the woman who crept out of a bombed hospital, where she had been awaiting an operation, and started to walk home to see if her family was all right in a street which had been bombed.

Men, women and children behaved with a courage which we had no right to expect of them. A lot of "blah" has been written about the morale of the Londoners but as one who saw them in their every mood, in the depths of misery and desperation and in their sublime moments of cheerful defiance, I say that the spirit of London was one of the miracles of history. For thousands of the homeless it meant enduring more than the bombs which destroyed everything they had. They endured tribulations, due to the breakdown of arrangements, which would have broken the spirit of lesser people. How they stuck it out in those early weeks, I do not know.

Night after night the bombers came, and day after day Londoners emerged from their shelters to find their homes gone. The good-neighbour who took in homeless in the morning was very often herself homeless at night. No wonder they used to carry such family treasures as they had to the shelters with them!

Whole districts were wiped out. There were salients of East London and South London which were as remorselessly destroyed by bombs as the battlefield towns and villages of the last War. Statesmen talked glibly of "The Front Line." To them it was a metaphor until they went down into those riverside wildernesses of trampled bricks and mortar and then they realized that it was a reality.

The shoddy rows of houses which, somehow, people had

made into homes, were blown over as by a giant's sneeze. Houses would vanish into craters and the bursting mains would churn up a lava of mud and powdered bricks which would flow over the ruins until it dried into a fine grey dust which stirred by the winds would drift like a smoke cloud. Occasionally in those murdered areas, one would find a stray cat or a stray person, or one would turn a corner and, unbelievably, find a woman polishing the brasses or pipe-claying the doorstep of a solitary house, shattered but still, to her, a home.

One day, I drove through acres of charred ruins to find people still living in a block of flats, which had survived amongst the devastation, and was greeted by the shouts of children. Families were living here although all the shops had gone and there was no water or gas, so they had to send foraging parties to the main streets, miles away, to fetch food. And, in another dockside district, there was a workman who used to climb over the ruins each day, scramble into the pile of rubble which had been the house where he had reared a family and turn on the wireless to listen to the 1 o'clock news. It was like listening to a B.B.C. announcer in the ruins of Pompeii.

Rest centres had a semi-permanent population of people who had no homes and yet were not homeless. A semblance of their houses remained and they were waiting patiently for the over worked surveyors to decide whether they could be made wind and water-tight. So long as there was a chance, even though they knew that the bombers would come and come again, they were content to wait until they knew for certain whether they could go back. Often those houses stood solitary in a waste of rubble, without any services, with rent roofs, no windows and rooms which were the haunts of the dozens of forsaken cats of the neighbourhood. Some of us urged that it would be simpler and more kind in such cases to declare not individual houses but the whole of such an area uninhabitable.

Strangest of all was how people's nerves and minds stood up to the nightly ordeal, and the anguish of loss and the shock of emerging from their shelters, often smothered in debris, to find their homes gone. Because no intelligent medical man assumed that they could expect more of civilians than of disciplined troops, an elaborate service of psychiatric clinics and units had been established under the Emergency Hospital Service. They expected widespread neuroses and swarms of nerve-shattered patients. In two months only 23 cases received treatment from the teams of highly-skilled mental specialists. At the same time doctors reported that the

"favourite patients," the chronic invalids who had enjoyed ill-health for years, were strangely cured. There was one possible explanation; the introverts forgot themselves in the sense of common danger and of common purpose. It was summed up by a docker who told a member of the Government whom I was taking round and who was commiserating with him on losing everything "We are all in it together."

That was true—more or less, because the way people were treated varied immensely. For the Battle ranged over the whole of London before the Nazis began to select provincial cities. There was no district in the Metropolitan area which escaped, although it was 20 times safer to live in a suburb than in any of the riverside boroughs.

It was safe to say after the first month that there was no one who had not had a bomb-experience of some kind, so much so that bombs as a subject of conversation became merely boring.

That was why it was so remarkable that girls, for instance, could endure the ordeal of bombs at home and still come into work in London to risk the bombs of daylight forays there. Then to go home again, through the "Blitz" when the darkness came early. I saw one instance where a heavy bomb dropped within 20 feet of an office, demolishing a block and killing 11 people. Girl typists darted across the room as the bomb whistled down without warning and the windows crashed and flying debris landed where they had sat. A few minutes later they were brushing the glass off their typewriters and starting to work again.

No one who did not live through it could believe that London would go on working, shopping, eating, laughing and ignoring, as dog-fights went on overhead.

It mystified visitors to Central London and it would have mystified them more if they had gone and observed the people who were queueing up at midday to get places in communal shelters or the tubes for the night. They would have seen them keep their places in the queue while machine-guns rattled overhead or the bombs sounded, although the shelter was open. Only rain ever drove them inside. And the reason was that if they went in they would be ordered out again at "Raiders Passed" to find they had lost their places in the queue and, consequently, the favourite sleeping spot which they were staking out for the workers of the family who would come back at night.

That was a phenomenon which made the shelter problem so difficult for people who talked about shelters in terms of safety-

factors. It showed that those people were less concerned about safety—since they defied the day-time risks—than about the illusions of safety and the escape from night-noises which made sleep possible. People wanted sleep.

The influx into tubes and into the big communal shelters, with all the resulting health-dangers, followed the " Blitz " but it still remained true that over 80 per cent. of the population slept either in their beds, in refuge-rooms in their houses, in their Andersons or their domestic surface shelters.

Until their own turn came, provincial cities marvelled at the resolution of Londoners as though they were a peculiarly courageous breed, forgetting that the people of London were really the people of Britain, since a " Londoner " in the sense of a third or fourth generation Londoner belongs to a small minority in a population drawn from every part of Britain and the Commonwealth and, for that matter from the whole world, since in the cosmopolis-metropolis every race and colour shared the risks.

THE OFFENSIVE BEGINS

By Major-General Sir Charles Gwynn

LAST month the capacity of Greece to defend herself and the effect of her courageous decision on the strategic situation seemed the obvious questions to discuss. Since then it has been the amazing success of the Greek counter-offensive that has rivetted our attention and has awakened hopes, some perhaps prematurely ambitious of an extension of offensive action. Hopes have to a considerable extent been fulfilled, but it is still necessary to keep expectations within reasonable bounds.

The Greek achievement in capturing the Port of Santi Quaranta and the Italian advanced bases at Koritza and Argyrokastro is of course of great importance, especially as it gives General Papagos secure control of the whole lateral road that, on the Albanian side, runs parallel to the frontier. This immensely eases his supply problems and would greatly strengthen the Greek position should it become necessary to adopt a defensive attitude. Meantime it equally facilitates offensive action, though whether to an extent that will enable the offensive to be continued throughout the winter must be doubtful. Already Greek operations have been hampered by snow and the worst of the winter is still to come. Demoralization in the Italian Army is far from complete and rearguard fighting has in many places been of a determined character. All the more credit is due to the Greeks for their sustained advance, since weather conditions must deprive them of opportunities of exploiting success rapidly where resistance is feeble.

Under these circumstances it is natural to speculate on the limits likely to be set to the Greek advance. Is the capture of Valona a reasonable possibility? I hardly think so, especially as it would entail fighting on ground where Italian tanks could operate. It does seem possible, however, that the Greek thrust will reach positions which, combined with air attack, will deprive the Italians of use of the Port. In the eastern mountains weather conditions may render further advance towards

Elbasan impracticable and it is unlikely that General Metaxas will countenance operations which would exhaust his troops to a dangerous extent. I have no doubt that he will maintain pressure as far as practicable, and, with the assistance of the R.A.F., should give the Italians an uncomfortable winter.

Before leaving the Greeks tribute should, I think, be paid to the astonishing efficiency of their whole military machine. General Metaxas evidently provides higher control of exceptional quality; General Papagos and his Staff constitute a very able executive; and equally it is evident that the Greek regimental officers must have an extremely high standard of tactical ability and leadership—there are many signs of initiative and enterprise combined with reasonable caution. Of the courage and hardihood of the troops, especially in attack, there has never been any doubt. The one really weak point—numerical inferiority in the air—has been made good by the R.A.F. Even if the Italians retain numerical superiority it has been more than discounted by the higher quality of the British and Greek airmen and of their machines.

Both in defence and attack the importance of the part played by the R.A.F. is manifest. Mr. Churchill has told us that the withdrawal of the Squadrons from Egypt necessitated postponement of General Wavell's operations against Graziani; but surely strategical altruism was never better rewarded. Not only have the squadrons fulfilled the object for which they were sent to Greece, but General Wavell's great victory has immensely gained in value coming as it does on top of the staggering blows Italy has received from the Greek Army and the Royal Navy. When one recalls how often parochialism interfered with strategical plans in the last war and, for example, the haggling that took place before the 29th Division was released for Gallipoli and the effect the preparations for the Loos offensive had on the composition of the force sent for the Suvla landing, can we not conclude that a different spirit and a broader outlook now prevails? Are there not signs that, at any rate since last June, the higher direction of the war has been in firmer and more experienced hands than was the case twenty-five years ago when strategical decisions were so often in the nature of bargains?

It was not always the Western direction which was at fault; parochialism was prevalent in every theatre. That to some extent must always be the case and it is one of the duties of the Higher Direction to ensure that it does not influence major strategic plans. It is evidently realized, though the Greek

theatre can never be the decisive theatre of war, Greek victories, and the consequences of Greece's decision may, and in fact are likely to have, immense influence on the final result.

Since the Greek offensive began Italy has suffered demoralizing reverses in quick succession though not as a result of a planned sequence. It was, however, presumably seen that an opportunity had arisen in which it was justifiable to take risks in order to hit the enemy while he was staggering. Admirals Coningham and Somerville have constantly shown a willingness to take risks, but it may be questioned whether Admiral Coningham would have attacked at Taranto or Admiral Somerville would have pursued a greatly superior force without hesitation if there had been no Greek offensive in progress. We know that General Wavell's offensive was planned before the Greek campaign began, but it seems probable that the scope of his plans may have been enlarged in consequence of Greek successes. Certainly the sequence of events has greatly enhanced their moral effect.

How far General Wavell's brilliant victory will be exploited, it is impossible to forecast. It is perhaps safest still to assume that his operations have a limited object intended to inflict damage on the enemy and to break up his preparations for an attack on Egypt. To that extent they have been amazingly successful, and Graziani sees the work of months destroyed and the confidence of his troops, so far as it existed, shaken. The loss of material may be a more serious matter to him than the casualties to his troops of which he has no shortage. For, with a base in Crete, the Navy can greatly increase the risk to his communications with Italy, and his Libyan ports will suffer more than ever from air and naval attacks. At the best Graziani cannot hope to become again a serious threat to Egypt for a long time, even if the threat is not finally eliminated.

The moral effect of Italian reverses promises to change the whole strategical situation in the Middle East. The attitude of Yugoslavia and Bulgaria towards the Axis has admittedly stiffened and Turkey's determination not to be overawed by German threats has been strengthened. Under the circumstances it seems hardly conceivable that Germany will attempt a major offensive through Turkey against our position in the Middle East. The great pincer operation, so much talked of, is now hardly possible. The German arm of the pincers would encounter resistance greater, perhaps much greater, than might formerly have been expected and the Italian arm has

been put out of action. The forces to be trapped in the jaws of the pincer on the other hand, have acquired a new solidity, and, even if Greece were forced to assume a defensive attitude, her territory would form a base for air attacks on the communication of any German Army committed to an eastern drive.

It is of course strange that Germany has made no move to give assistance to her partner in Albania. That she should not have done so in Libya is perhaps because the German General Staff considered Graziani's position secure and that it would be time enough to assist him when the delivery of his attack would better suit Axis plans. Abstention from the Greek war may be attributed to refusal to engage in a winter war or fear of being drawn into an entanglement with Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. The German General Staff has never concealed its low estimate of Italian military qualities, and so long as the Italian Army forced the Allies to detach forces it was probably considered to be fulfilling its main function. If that was the German conception it has evidently been carried to dangerous extremes. It may prove to have been a strategic blunder to woo the Vichy Government at Mussolini's expense, especially if Marshal Pétain repels advances.

Meantime the situation of Italy with so many detachments of her forces separated from the mother country by stretches of dangerous or impassable seas brings home the value of sea power to all who had begun to doubt its importance since the advent of air power.

Mussolini's purge of his military entourage seems a typical reaction of a dictator in difficulties. But the discard of Badoglio, a general of exceptional ability who commanded the confidence of the Army as well as being a national hero verges on insanity. If there was one man whose record qualified him to retrieve the situation in Albania it was Badoglio. If the task had been left to him it would probably have been attempted after careful preparation and without seeking the immediate results which may have appeared essential to a dictator whose prestige is shaken. That, I think, we may conclude from Badoglio's part in the Piave operations and when he had to revitalize the situation in Abyssinia. On the Piave his deliberate preparations, though their soundness was subsequently freely acknowledged, tried the patience of the Allied commanders. In Abyssinia the same quality of deliberateness was evident, though when the moment came he struck with rapidity and daring. We are probably justified in

assuming that he wished to pursue the same deliberate policy in Albania and refused to agree to attempt winter operations with a shaken army and without adequate reserves of material however great might be the political necessity for immediate results. Even though Badoglio is an old man it has never been suggested that he has shown signs of senility and five years ago he was capable of great physical and mental exertions. Mussolini may find it difficult to find his equal and may yet regret the loss of his services.

COMMAND AND CO-OPERATION

By Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond

THE blow which has been struck at the enemy in Libya is noteworthy not only for its outstanding success but also for the fact that it is the first conjunct British operation on a large scale of the three services. The German invasion of Norway was also carried out by three services, but, successful as it was, it bears no comparison with the Libyan battle for it was not executed against a strong enemy, well established and prepared, fully equipped and superior in numbers: but against an unprepared weak neutral and with the help of traitors. The conjunct operations of the past have been conducted by two services only; now we have three. Perfect co-operation was not always obtained even between those two, but here we have seen as complete a co-operation as it is possible to imagine.

Because of the difficulties of working in full association there have always been advocates of vesting the command of a combined force in a single commander-in-chief. The practice in this country, with a few exceptions* has been to keep the commands separate, Admiral and General on equal terms, each doing that for which his force is suited. The principle is plain. The object that the executive authority—the Government—has in view is clearly defined to the commanders, the predominant partner in the affair—almost invariably the army—designs the military plan, and the other partner or partners make the contribution which lies in the power of their force to further the execution of the attack. The air force in the Sidi Barrani offensive drove the enemy out of the sky and blinded him so that the cross-desert movement could be made unseen, and attacked the enemy at all points; the sea forces bombarded the enemy's flank and apparently helped to confuse him as to where the land attack was coming; the enemy fleet, disabled by the two blows it had recently

*Lord Peterborough commanded the fleet and army in Catalonia in the war of the Spanish succession and Admiral Boscawen the land and sea forces at the siege of Pondicherry in 1748. There are one or two minor instances.

received at Taranto and off Sardinia, made no attempt throughout the week to interfere with the British fleets operations and even his submarines do not appear to have been used with any determination. One, the *Naiade*, was sunk, and some of those swift motor-boats of whose capacity the Italians boasted so loudly during the Abyssinian war made attacks in vain. Whether the claim of the submarine *Neghelli* to have sunk a cruiser is correct will be known by the time the present article is in print. In view of the fact that Italy possessed about a hundred submarines at the beginning of the war and presumably still has at least 70 or 80 and a number of " E " boats this is a poor performance. Possibly no greater effort was practicable, many of her under-water craft having been sent into the Atlantic to attack trade but if that is so it indicates a strange misapplication of force. If Italy regarded Egypt as her decisive spot and its invasion therefore as her principal object, it is singular that she should dissipate her submarine forces on trade attack, unless indeed she doubted the capacity of those craft to prevent the British fleet from attacking her army from the sea on its advance into Egypt.

So we have witnessed a very remarkable piece of planning, co-operation and combination, of combined effort with a single direction. Whether there is the same unity of strategical direction and control in that other great and continuous campaign on which so much depends, the protection of trade in the Western Approaches, seems open to doubt. There, two services are engaged in a vital operation and in spite of the efforts we have put forth the losses are unduly heavy. Since the simultaneous loss of one ally and its navy and the accession of another to the enemy we have been deplorably short of means. The greater therefore is the necessity that all that we possess shall be used to the utmost. It is obvious that there are doubts in some quarters that the combination of the Navy and the Coastal Command is all that it could and should be. The Prime Minister, we have been told, is himself looking into the matter—a confession that the departments concerned have not succeeded in solving the problem; and his reply to a question about the Coastal Command confirms the belief that changes are needed in the methods of command. While he did not consider that there is a need to change the position of the Coastal Command as part of the Royal Air Force, it needed, he said, to play a greater part in the defence of the trade and the need increases. The operational policy he agreed must be determined by the Admiralty: but from his remark that the

integrity of the operational policy *will* be fully achieved we can only conclude that this essential consummation is still in the future tense. It is a very serious criticism of the higher direction of the war that although we have been at war for over a year and a quarter unity in the direction of the operations for the defence of trade should still be lacking. Such a confession affords a justification for the demand that the Coastal Command should be transferred to the Admiralty, and while there may be administrative reasons against such a change during hostilities it would be necessary if unity of direction of the war at sea should prove impossible by any other means.

The objection to a transfer on the score that it would destroy the integrity of the Royal Air Force fails to take cognisance of the fact that aircraft are integral units of a modern Navy, and that the integrity of the Navy is as important as the integrity of any other Service. It is indeed most unfortunate that throughout the discussion of the question of the Naval Air Arm the decisions have been based upon the nature of the instrument instead of upon the function of the service to be performed—a subjective in place of an objective basis. The function of the Navy is to obtain the command and exercise the control of the sea, and all the units capable of being employed upon the operations by which that object is to be attained are, properly speaking, units of that Navy whatever their type or the method by which they move. Whether they navigate on the surface, beneath the surface or above the surface is immaterial. It is not the element in which the instrument moves that determines the services to which it belongs but the object that service has to attain. Only after many refusals, including a declaration by Lord Baldwin that the matter was closed and would not be reopened, the Navy, was granted the control of that part of the air forces operating at sea as were carried on board ship, a wholly illogical distinction—illogical that is to say in a strategical connotation —that those aircraft operating from shore bases were to remain as parts of the Royal Air Force. Yet both were engaged upon the same duty, the naval duty of obtaining command of the sea, in association with all the other naval units—battleships, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, motor topedo boats, minesweepers: and all of these operate. By no conceivable process of strategical reasoning can a distinction be made in the case of those aircraft which operate from the shore.

Wrong as this decision was it is not impossible that efficient

co-operation should be effected if the direction is unreservedly placed in the hands of the principal partner upon whom the vast responsibility rests of protecting the trade. Even that however will not meet our needs unless the Coastal Command is provided with craft in sufficient numbers and of suitable types. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that there has not been that foresight in the provision and design of aircraft for the maritime services that there should have been. It may well be claimed that it was not possible to foresee that Norway and France would be overrun and that German submarines and aircraft would be able to operate from the ports of those two countries; but it was not impossible to foresee that there would be, as there was in the last war, a great expansion of the German submarine flotilla or that submarines might work at considerable distances from the coast of this country. Since their occupation of the French ports the enemy has sent out long distance bombing craft, but the distances which the British would have to cover to reach the same areas are no greater. Is it really impossible to answer this threat more effectively than it has been answered thus far? The Prime Minister's remark that an increase is necessary carries with it the inference that this need has not been foreseen; and that lack of foresight may be due to the fact that the organization is not constituted to ensure that there is a proper looking ahead, or to some defect in the direction, or to a lack of interest in this branch of the service. Whichever it may be energetic steps are now necessary to put matters upon a strategically sound footing both in the region of direction of the campaign and of that of command; for it is not to be doubted that the attack will become more intensive as the year advances; bombardments of the ports are palliatives, useful adjuncts to the other operations but can never be expected to produce decisive results. It is only by meeting the enemy at sea and destroying him there that success can be attained unless he can be driven out of the ports altogether; and that is a process to which we cannot look forward, at any rate in the near future.

MINING ACCIDENTS AND DISEASE

By B. L. Coombes

ONE million, six hundred and two thousand, four hundred and ninety seven (1,602,497) men killed, injured, or disabled by disease. Those are startling figures! They make us think of a major war but actually it is the official record of what happened in the British Mining Industry during the ten years 1928-1937. It may be easier to realize what this means if I state that eighteen miners were killed and three thousand injured every working week.

I am a miner employed in one of the largest and most modern of the South Wales collieries. My past experience with the R.A.M.C. has caused me to be put in charge of the ambulance facilities underground so, when the calls come, I give up my ordinary repairing work, sling the tin box that contains first-aid equipment over my shoulder, and hurry along the dark passages half a mile below the surface so that I can succour the comrade who has "had it."

Until that injured man is brought to the surface I am his doctor. Workmen travel here from a radius of fifteen miles so we have the job of getting him home—or to the hospital. Our ambulance arrangements are excellent. We have cabins equipped in each underground district and telephone lines to the surface. Our supplies are not stinted and a good ambulance car is always ready. In the past I have worked at collieries where none of these facilities was provided and the ambulance man had to do what he could with very crude material—neck scarves for bandaging and the like.

We never keep a casualty longer underground than we can help, but even in a case where the man is not under a fall, or the injuries do not compel slow travelling on the outward journey, it is rarely that he can be got outside in less than an hour. Each man pays twopence in the pound on his earnings for medical treatment but that doctor is, naturally, near the home of the workman so, unless his life is in danger, we get

him home as soon as possible and hand the case over to his own doctor.

Often that means a journey during the night or early morning; a hunt amongst a strange area for a house in a certain street; and a very upsetting period when at last we find the place and wake the family up. So to me the injured miner is not just one more unit in a record. He is my mate, the man whose bleeding hand I bandage; the sufferer who whispers to me of his fears and his pain as he would to no outsider. I see the greyness coming over his wife's face and I look into the eyes of his children.

Each accident is supposed to be reported to an official before the man leaves the colliery premises. I keep my own report because my evidence may be of help to the man when he faces a court case over his compensation. This official figure of over a million and a half deals only with cases in which the man has lost more than three days work—thus coming into claim for compensation. I know well that a large proportion of the accidents are not shown in this record at all—those that did not cause three days loss would not be shown and quite a large number are not reported at all.

As a reason for this slackness in reporting it must be realized that some men are being injured so frequently—smaller injuries—that they do not think it worth reporting unless they know they must lose time. One injury, to the hand possibly, seems to bring on others, for we have often noticed that a man is very sure to get a succession of "bumps" once his bad luck starts. We know that every scratch should be reported, but there are days when a man would be all his time reporting and he feels ashamed of the trouble he is causing unless he is justified—as he counts it—by losing work.

Most of the miners are hardened to injury. They feel that a few hours rest will ease the pain and it is my job before every shift to bandage up a few hands so that they can endure the work. Many cases get slowly better, but some do not, and when the man is compelled to lose work he has no real claim to compensation. When a man has a cut or other smaller injury just before finishing time he is inclined to ignore it in the hurry to get home and under the impression that "it will be better by to-morrow."

I had a man working next to me who had the ends of his fingers crushed but did not lose one day's work. Some weeks later bits of bone were working out and I do not believe the one finger will ever be right again. He did not tell me at the time,

although we were good friends. Another had two finger nails torn off and the ends of the fingers sliced; he insisted on continuing his work. Neither of those cases would appear in the official record. I had three fairly bad hand injuries last year; only one would appear in the record because I "worked through" the others.

No compensation is paid for the first three days lost—unless the man is idle for a month—so if the injured workman feels that he will start work again without losing more than three days he sees no need to report. It is very difficult to persuade some of them to lie on a stretcher or be taken home in an ambulance. There are occasions when doing so would save them much pain and aggravated injury but; "Fancy me being taken home in that thing (the ambulance) and coming to work in a week or two!" Their idea is, apparently, that a man must be completely crippled before he is carried home.

Another point is that, until the war increase was granted, the most compensation a miner could have was thirty shillings a week—and with the three qualifying days he knew that all he could get for the first week was fifteen shillings. This compensation ("Compo" to the miner) has a nasty habit of lingering on the way and may not come for three weeks, even with undisputed cases, so it is natural that the workman should realize that if he can endure the pain for only two days' work in that week he will earn as much money as the compensation—so another injury does not get on the list.

The men feel, too, that many reports on the accident list may count as a black mark against them, especially the older men, and that their accident record may be of interest to any other company under which they may work. In this area it is the custom to ask questions about previous injuries when a man starts at a new place.

I see that the number of hand injuries during one year—1937—is given as 46,000. I am quite sure that that figure does not account for much more than half. Hand injuries would be the most frequent of all, and I have never been able to work in any form with gloves. Steel arches have been an improvement, as their shape gives the limit of height and width where it is most needed and they do not often break down in the centre—a danger to anyone walking underneath—as did timber. The arches, however, need careful handling or they will pinch the hands—and it is a merciless pinch. Sometimes, too, their edges are left rough with sharp "spags" which rip the fingers

terribly. The roughness cannot be noted in the darkness of the mine; they should be examined in daylight.

Another common cause of hand injury is the making of "lids" or wooden wedges to tighten timber or arches. A piece of a post about a foot long is the usual length and this is shaped with a hatchet. Sometimes, in the half-light, the hatchet does not come down true and the fingers suffer or perhaps the foot—and incidentally the boot. A lot of this sort of thing happens on machine "faces" and where the places are wet and the tools slippery. I suggest that waste timber from the mine should be sent out to the surface saw-mills. There it could be sawn into wedges and tramfulls of these sent in ready. It would be a saving of timber, time, and injury.

Helmets are good for reducing the effect of small stones falling from a height. They have not been adopted so much around here as they deserve. I think the wearing should be compulsory. Some complain of headache after using, but a short headache is better than a lasting one. The men seem to foster some idea that an injury to the scalp does not matter. They claim "It'll soon heal, nothing there to hurt." It is difficult to persuade them to wear a bandage around the head. "No fear," they argue, "the chaps will think I'm a blinkin' sheik. Stick a bit of wadding under my cap and I'll be all right." Usually they fail to bend quite far enough at the first low piece of roof. Very surely the sore part will have the blow again and the language is something to marvel at.

The eyes, most delicate of organs, have always worried me. Grains of dust irritate them; pieces of bark stick in them; bits of coal or stone smack hard against them and numb the nerves completely. The eye is so easily harmed and we can do so little to treat it. Usually the eye has been rubbed and worked until it is sore and bloodshot before we see it. It cannot be examined in the dusty atmosphere of the mine, unless a lamp is held close, and the injured man cannot bear that. After treatment and a pad and bandage around the eye he usually goes off explaining: 'They'll think as it's Nelson coming now, by golly." After warning him to sit on the side to rest for awhile I go around later to see him—and usually find him at his work again; "Can manage with one eye, see. Can't let your butty do it all." If it is easier by the end of the shift he discards the bandage—gladly. Often a night's sleep removes the dust or eases the pain but how often is damage done which does not show for years?

How strangely determined some of the men are not to go to

their doctor, although it will cost them nothing. I always warn them to go to the doctor at the first opportunity; in most cases I am wasting my breath. They will arrive shift after shift to be bandaged or treated and when asked about what the doctor said the usual reply is "Oh, it's getting better. No need to go to him."

I think of a mate named Will. He is losing the sight of both eyes and when at last he went to the hospital the doctor asked could he remember ever having a blow in the eyes.

"It seemed a silly question to me," Will said, "because I'm sure I've had a smack in the eyes every week that I've been working. How was I to know which one done it—or if they was all to blame?"

That is very often the problem.

* * * * *

The total of persons employed above and below ground is given as 803,359. Therefore some men must have been injured again and again during that ten years. I have been amazed to notice that some men cannot avoid injury. As surely as they work they will be injured and they are usually of a careful—sometimes over careful—nature. Others seem to have a lifetime of wonderful escapes.

The younger men regard an injury more lightly than the older men. To the young ones it often means "just a couple of weeks spell." As they get older the dread of accident appears to increase and also the effect of an injury is greater: "Funny, I'm feeling sick and shivering all over after a bit of a smack like that." Family responsibilities may have something to do with this, or it may be the result of seeing—or experiencing—many accidents.

In that same period of 1928-1937 there were 280 boys under sixteen killed and 59,853 injured. I dread attending to young boys because I am a father and it makes me feel sick. They are so fragile—I wonder do their bodies—or their minds—ever completely recover from a serious accident?

Amongst boys of sixteen to eighteen 359 were killed and 86,203 injured and from the age of eighteen to twenty 335 were killed and 82,810 were injured during that ten years. Altogether (under twenty) 974 were killed and 228,866 were on the official list of injured during that ten years. The proportion of injuries is lower in the older boys but more are employed.

Naturally as the boys get older they can stand injury better and they learn how to avoid some of the dangers. Some of the older boys would have taken on less dangerous work such as

engine-driving, fitting, etc. I think the management should be careful in selecting the man with whom a boy is to work. It should be one who is able and ready to teach him his craft properly. There are some miners who try to get a man's work out of their boy and try to pay him as little as possible. Often these men are loud in complaint about their own working conditions yet they seek to compel a young boy, coming wide-eyed to the strangeness of this hidden world, to work to his limit. The average miner is decent to his helper but I have known men try to make an injured boy keep on at work. I have noticed that the more a boy is warned about danger the more surely will he be found about that spot.

My conclusions are that the accident rate will always be high in mining. Coal is so well covered that its extraction must be dangerous. I have seen accidents happen where all our experience told us the place should be quite safe; and I have seen many things occur, and much suffering caused, by the neglect of safety precautions on the management's side and on the men's. If coal is of no more value than that it must be sent from the pit-head at a much lower cost than one pound a ton then many unnecessary risks will have to be taken. If the fight is to produce the coal at the lowest cost then the firm that scamps the safety precautions will win.

I think the number of Government inspectors should be increased and that a larger number of full-time workmen's examiners should be appointed. These should be men whose practical experience is at least equal to their theory.

I do not expect much from the periodical examinations by men working in a colliery—have done some myself—as their position is difficult. They may be able to improve some of the conditions. I do believe in a small safety committee being picked by the men at each colliery—and they should be safeguarded.

I think that the method of appointing firemen or deputies need revising. I know the theoretical study of mining is valuable and that some certification is necessary but practical experience in that same type of colliery should be the first requisite. Workmen trust more in a man when they know he can do the job himself and very surely he would be better able to assess the difficulties.

After some experience of Government departments in action I hesitate to suggest State Control for firemen but they certainly should not be allowed to interfere with output. The three shift system causes many accidents, quite a few can be

traced to the method of payment by piece-work as each shift scrambles to get as much coal as possible out and so leaves the timbering for the next shift—or if it is done it is a hurried job for which the man following may suffer. One shift should be left completely free for the repairing shift to do its work. These repairers are skilled men and they should not be hurried at their work or suffer continual interference. A manager complained to me last week that there would be no really skilled workmen underground in another ten years—they would not be obtainable. I think he is right to some degree, yet it is an instance of reaping what you have sown.

We miners must be among the best financial supporters of hospitals in the country. This colliery sends about six hundred pounds a year to local hospitals. We have also a Convalescent Home Fund so that our injured can go in search of rest and an Artificial Limb, to supply "spare parts" as they are termed amongst the men. Crutches, trusses, and many other supports are purchased from this Fund and in some cases glass eyes—although I remember there was a debate as to whether this Fund or the Fund for the Blind was liable—and I know one man who has lost three glass eyes in the mine. So frequent did his appeals become that the officials began to wonder if he was putting that eye in to help fill the tram when coal was short and so, if you should see something unusual glaring at you from amongst your next load of coal, please send it back to us.

These Funds, and several others are maintained by weekly deductions from the miner's wages.

Apart from the fear of accidents there are the diseases which the industry fosters. Beat knee, beat elbow, and beat hand are caused by the continual striking of some hard force—such as the stone bottom or tool handle—against the knee or the hand. Sometimes small coal is embedded in the skin and the continual friction causes an inflammation which takes a while to heal. Most of us get some trouble in this way. Rest, with a change of working conditions, usually brings a cure.

Nystagmus, the eye disease caused by the unnatural lighting is still with us although we do not hear so much about it these days. Watch the men in work, it is surprising how many are affected with eye trouble. The use of more electric lamps has eased the problem for some men, but those who still use flame lamps find the eyestrain increased by the continual changing from bright light—when they are near a man with an electric lamp—and then back into the dimness of their own lamp. The

modern cap lamps are bad, very bad, for the eyes of anyone coming to meet the wearer.

Neurasthenia is a complaint that must be largely hidden, yet we have many sufferers. The most sensitive of the men would probably be the ones most liable, and their natural instinct would be to keep their feelings secret. The small daily frights in his work, the effect of frequent accidents and the fear that more will follow, and the worry that uncertain work and wages must bring, all tell on the mind of the thinking man. He is surrounded by people who are in like condition and usually their homes are crowded. The man can find no rest from his fears and gradually broods himself into a serious state.

Industrial Diseases—apart from Silicosis—caused 155,314 disablements during that ten years. Again there are many cases that cannot be listed. Some parts of the mine are tremendously hot—so heated that a man would sweat if standing still—whilst back on the main ways the air current is quite cold. Workmen are moved about in these extreme temperatures, sometimes during the same shift, and they develop chills or lose time with chest troubles which would not be classified. I have a mate who was sent from a warm place to work in a narrow airway along which a cold stream of air was rushing, He has not worked since that day because the draught paralysed the side of his face; eyes, mouth, and nose are affected but he has no grounds for compensation under the present law although it arose, very surely, from his occupation.

At the end of each shift each of us must come out along the main roadway. It has been warm inside the workings and our bodies are hot whilst our shirts are wet with sweat. A tremendous current of cold air rushes down the main to meet us. It chills us to the bone and checks our breathing. Small coal is dashed in our eyes and our mouths; the cloud of dust from the feet of walking men comes down to envelop us—and that brings me to our greatest fear, Silicosis, and its black twin, Anthracosis.

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It is a sign of how recently this danger has been recognized when I see that the 1939-40 Report is only able to give figures covering the last 6½ years. These figures are 314 dead and 1,424 disabled. To us the startling fact is that the Anthracite area is responsible for more than half of those cases—and we are in that Anthracite area—although it is only a small section of the whole coalfield. It seems that there is some terrible

potency in the sharp bits of Anthracite coal. The boom in its use has brought a ghastly toll.

I believe in the use of machinery to lessen toil and to ease the heavy work but it cannot be denied that mining machinery in coal-cutting and conveying has greatly increased the dust and danger underground. We find difficulty in speaking after a couple of hours work with the coal-cutting machines as the dust is clogging our throats. Conveyors are just as bad and every morning we see young men and boys who work on the conveyors pausing to recover their wind before walking up a slope—like a broken-winded horse. It must be realized that it is mostly the younger men—and a large proportion of boys—who work on conveyors and very soon their figures will be going on the list. I am positive that I could go out this minute to the square of this mining village and point out six men who are lingering there—waiting for the day when dust will stop their breathing. The stone dust, and the hard coal dust, act inside the lungs as would grit if rubbed inside a silk handkerchief. Many of the men know that it is hardening like cement in their insides.

In some places underground every post, or stone, is covered with a dust which lifts again into the air current when the thing is moved. I have seen it drifting along like a white wall and lingering for many minutes. The jarring from shot firing is another cause of dust clouds. It shakes up all the dust around and that mixes with the acrid smoke of the powder; together they produce a mixture so dense that I have held an electric lamp at arm's length, yet there has been not one shade of light in that underground roadway. Timber decays, rats die and rot, men and horses sweat and steam; it all merges into the air current, then the moving of coal trams and walking feet all disturb the dust until it rises and helps to thicken further the air that the miner must breathe.

Along the main ways and headings it should be possible to instal water pipes with fine spray nozzles at certain intervals. This fine spray of water, if thrown into the air current, would dampen much of the dust and would also stop coal dust from rising off the trams passing beneath. They would have to be kept going regularly as dust gathers very quickly. The same idea might be worked over conveyor ends. Masks may check some of the dust but if a man is working at his fastest he wants no hindrance to his breathing, and I wonder do masks affect the chest themselves? Besides, I have seen a great amount of dust passing through expensive masks.

Recently we have had many scientists and chemists coming to our mines in an effort to solve the dust problems. I have had some experience with them and to me they are very welcome. It is obvious, however, that they are strangers to the underground world and we would like, when they bring their testing appliances and want to select places for taking samples, that they would ask the men's opinions as much as the management's—because our selected places might be different.

(An article on Silicosis and dust problems in the mines will be contributed next month by Mr. D. G. Skinner, a research chemist.)

EBB AND FLOW

By Stephen Gwynn

NEW Year's day seems still far off when I write and many uncomfortable things may have happened before 1941 enters—with a reasonable prospect of bringing better luck than its predecessor. But at least 1940 did not depart without letting us hear what was almost forgotten—the blessed sound of that word, victory. Dunkirk was finer than any triumph because more unique; the defeat inflicted on German daylight raids was magnificent, yet it was only one round in a fight that must be prolonged. It was not Great Britain nor even the British Commonwealth that could claim to speak in their own right those intoxicating syllables; and yet without Great Britain's guarantee of help the battle would never have been engaged, nor without what the air force and the navy have done could Italy's reverse have been so decisive. Still, for a great many of us, Greece's victory is no less precious than any triumph of British arms. To choose one instance, it must have rejoiced Sir Thomas Montgomery Cunninghame whose book *Dusty Answer* gave, long before the event, a notable appreciation of General Metaxas and of the Greek forces led by him. What he said has been fully made good; that the Greek soldiers fought very well against Balkan troops, and were led with far the best military brain.

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Genius and Power

New Year invites to generalization. Ships may run short, planes may be deficient, but one never hears of shortage in the supply either of explosives or incendiary material. Man contrives to produce and pay for the essential devilry. Swift would have liked to enlarge on this topic. But in another mood, Swift, observing the world scene, might have developed his favourite thesis that genius is the highest form of power. We can see, we can almost touch with our hands, what Mr. Churchill has been worth to the nation in England; General Metaxas has

meant no less to Greece. We can see how the great French nation failed shockingly because in the twenty years after 1918 it failed to produce a man equal to Clemenceau, to Foch or even to Poincaré. Dr. Salazar's peaceful achievements in Portugal rank with the greatest, and (though these are less happy examples) the names of Masaryk and Benesh, of Pilsudski and Paderewski, are the best assurance for the resurrection of their countries. Yet of all the marvels accomplished by the creative character of genius, none perhaps equals what has been done by Chiang-Kai-Shek. To animate so huge and so invertibrate a mass was indeed little short of miraculous; and China grows more formidably resistant, the worse things look. Russia to-day is possibly in essence Lenin's creation; what the present autocrat has added or altered or taken away, the outside world does not know. It does know however that this particular tyranny—or despotism— pays tribute in its own fashion, to what Swift meant by genius. It fears talent, which it calls ambition, and suppresses it by the most elementary means. Stalin pushes caution to excess for he seems to have made a clean sweep of all outstanding personalities in Russia; and we have so far no ground for assigning to him any but the genius of repression.

As for the two victorious dictators (though victorious is an epithet that does not exactly fit Mussolini) the Italian has been commendably willing to live and let live. He has not liquidated any of his supporters—perhaps from an opinion of his own complete predominance. Modern Italy on its civil side is his creation; had he steadily maintained the status of non-belligerent, he might have safeguarded all the fruits of his genius, and stood a fair chance of bounty from the operations of providence. Hitler's case is different. The German machine, military and civil, is a stupendous engine, ready to place itself at the disposal of any man with the desire for military conquest. Nobody ever had that desire stronger than Adolf Hitler and it would be absurd to deny that he has used with genius the possibilities of this machine, after achieving his most difficult task, those preliminary processes by which the machine was induced to accept his control. But there it is; he has at command something the like of which is only to be found in Japan—ruthless devotion carried into act with a sort of perverted chivalry. If only we could get rid of the German and the Japanese virtues, how much better the world would become.

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Production Battle

One singular and admirable fact in the mid-winter of this grim year is the general absence of complaints. People have decided that to grumble is playing Hitler's game. But in truth, with resolute humans, great calamity is a challenge to spirit; and God knows Coventry, Bristol, Liverpool, and Southampton have known misfortunes almost like those of earthquake. Yet when one hears that after some tremendous bombardment the casualties are under four hundred, and remembers what they were in a very ordinary day of trench warfare, the scale re-adjusts itself. Loss of property is never irreparable; loss of life is far less grave than last time. The serious question is whether Germany, with its immense advantage in proximity of take-off, can cripple British production more than its own is crippled. But then there is Canada, and there are the United States where production cannot be touched—except by those accidents in American factories which show how deeply the United States is honeycombed with conspiracy.

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Rumania's Plight

Rumania has rendered at least one service to the Allied cause; it has demonstrated the results of submission to the Axis. No one can blame its people for submission; they were not placed as Greece is, accessible to powerful help both from the navy and air forces of Great Britain; and possibly after resistance they would have been even worse off. But whereas resistance to a desperate danger has made the Greeks a proud and a united people Rumania is torn to pieces by internal feuds of the most humiliating kind. No progress is possible in a state where a number of citizens show their political opinions by murdering those with whom they disagree. None of us know what Germany lost by the blood bath of 1936; men were killed then because they were men of enterprise and character—good or bad, but still character. In Rumania there has been general butchery of those who had been prominent in the state and it is more likely that among them were one or two whom the country could not spare. My own country, Ireland, was in my judgment, thrown back at least a generation by the murder of Kevin O'Higgins. A bullet puts a short end to the work of that delicate machinery the human brain—from which, for all its delicacy, come all that is durable in civilization.

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Feeding the People

Plans for reconstruction of the world abound; still more numerous are the demands that such plans should be officially sponsored; but one far-reaching suggestion appears to have been seriously taken up. It came from *Time and Tide*, which is edited by Lady Rhondda, who in the last war acted as secretary to her father, the Food Controller. The proposal was that the British Government should buy now immense quantities of foodstuffs beyond the requirements of its own people and should hold them against a day when it may be able to say to the people of Europe, if peace is made we can guarantee you food. Or again, if as is too possible, countries under German control are starving, the first reward for successful revolt would be—food. A store of wheat may be a more powerful weapon than store of gold. There is going to be angry opposition in America to what will be called Great Britain's decree of famine to certain countries; well, it is desirable that the British Government should be able to say, we can feed the people, as soon as they are set free. This manifestly is a matter in which the United States could and would lend a powerful hand.

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Tribute to Valour

Tributes to the bravery of English folk under their ordeal have been past counting; but none that I have seen have moved me so powerfully as the private letter of an Irish priest, which had been communicated to the *Irish Times*. His parish was in one of the coastal towns which had suffered most—so much, he said, that a stoker from a submarine hurried back to the safety of his ship. Civilians were, in fact, exposed to more risk than the military; and the finest courage was shown among the poorest people. He described a man just back from his long day's work in the docks under bombardment, who heard an explosion near his home, threw off his coat and went to spend the night in rescuing another Catholic family, buried under ruins; and when morning came, went back to his regular work without a word of complaint. Every Irishman is always in some degree aware of his different race among the English; and this priest's admiration went out perhaps all the more passionately because, in another sense, he knew it to be dispassionate.

There has been some comment on the lack of poetic praise for all this valour; one can sympathize with the Laureate if he feels the theme too big to fit into any verse. Laurence Binyon rightly salutes the Greeks and many-mountained

Hellas; but that theme is manageable. For the praise of England only Shakespeare is adequate. Mr. Blackwell has brought out at Oxford (in such type as one expects from him) a little paper-covered volume called *The Sceptred Isle* in which Professor Wilson Knight brings together the passages which to his mind make up "Shakespeare's message for England at War." Not all of them are so well known as the best of them; and many come from some of the least good plays, such as *Henry VI*. But after reading any one of them, I should be ready to quote a passage in the memoirs of the elder Dumas. He had, he says, reached the conclusion that "in the world of the drama, everything emanated from the sun;" that his work contained as many types as were to be found in Corneille, Milton, Calderón, Goethe and Schiller all put together, without that he had created more than anybody than God. Certainly the author of these memoirs could not be reasonably called Anglophile; but he has had far more lasting admiration from expert English commentators than from the French; perhaps because in the best of his works there is always that mixture of humour with high passion which is the mark of the English genius and especially of Shakespeare. Even now, London jokes about the bombs which are shattering its houses and slaughtering its people.

BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR CALLING!

Winter in Captivity

Prime Minister has recently confirmed in the e of Commons that the number of British ners of War in Germany represents *a large rtion of the total British casualty list of* 92,000.

their prison camps the men send a call to fellow-countrymen NOT TO FORGET M. Most of the prisoners suffered great and privation in the days following the battle ance and Flanders, but it is the monotony of behind barbed wire " that the men find hardest ar—especially with the long winter months e them. It was to meet this need that the h Prisoners of War Books and Games Fund ounded shortly after the outbreak of war. ork of the Fund is two-fold :

We send books, games, sports equipment, music and gramophones to the prison camps, so that the men can organise libraries, rts, team games, etc., to keep up their spirits.

An important branch of our work is to send *individual* parcels to the prisoners. Past experience has shown how eagerly men in ity look forward to receiving parcels *ally addressed* to them. We send each ner of War, as soon as his name and number us, a first " Capture " parcel, containing the d Little Bible, a set of chess and draughts, a or " thriller " and a pack of playing cards, ner with a printed postcard on which the men ked to state their *own preferences* (whether for or serious reading) for future monthly parcels. eful record is kept to avoid duplication and in this way the men have the advantage of a first-class circulating library combined with a " personal touch " which serves as a link with home.

An Appeal

In this constructive work of remembrance ALL can share—helping men who have lost their liberty in our service to a tolerable existence during their enforced exile from home. Our work depends entirely on voluntary subscriptions, and the great increase in the number of prisoners has imposed a severe strain upon the Fund. We earnestly appeal to readers of THE FORTNIGHTLY to respond as generously as possible to this appeal, so that no prisoner need be overlooked or forgotten. Please complete and return the form below to

Sir HUGH WALPOLE, *Chairman, or*
Miss CHRISTINE KNOWLES, *Founder and Director.*

Will YOU adopt a Prisoner?

Will you help by " adopting " one or more of our men who are Prisoners of War in Germany? For 5/- a month the Fund will keep him supplied with regular parcels of books and games of his own choice, individually addressed, in your name. £1 a month will " adopt " four prisoners. Readers of THE FORTNIGHTLY will not need to be told what such parcels mean to men in captivity!

IMPORTANT NOTE

If you are interested in a particular prisoner, please attach to this form a sheet of paper giving his name, camp number and other details. If desired, parcels will then be sent in your name.

FORM OF DONATION

To **Sir HUGH WALPOLE,** *Chairman*
and Miss CHRISTINE KNOWLES,
Founder and Director.

BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR BOOKS AND GAMES FUND
550 Carrington House, London, W.1.

I enclose £ : : as a donation to help the British Prisoners of War Books and Games Fund.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Letter paper can be used in place of this form if preferred.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THE CHRISTIAN WAY

By The Archdeacon of Lincoln

CHRISTIANITY AND WORLD ORDER, by the Bishop of Chichester. *Penguin Books.* 6*d*.

The Bishop of Chichester has written a book which not only ought to be read by everybody, but is written with such clarity and attractiveness that it can be understood by any member of the very large public which buys the Penguin Series. A vast amount of information is contained in a hundred-and-fifty pages, and beyond its immediate purpose, the book will remain valuable for reference on a variety of subjects, including the character of the modern state, especially the totalitarian ones, the meaning of the Church, the problem of Christianity and war, the relation of the different Christian Communions to each other, and the facts of the Missionary work of the Church up to date. Yet with all this solid matter, the book conveys to the reader a sense of adventure and of confidence which can rightly be described as thrilling.

The writer's first task is to set forth the state of the world as it exists to-day, and to show its complete bankruptcy of common social purpose. In the first chapter there is a valuable summary of past history in that it is pointed out that in the Middle Ages man was conceived of as primarily a Spiritual being. With the coming of t Reformation, the Renaissance and t rise of Science, he came to be regard as primarily Intellectual. By the e of the eighteenth century he w looked upon as Political man. Th with the industrial revolution, Econon man held the stage. The doctrine the Economic man has collaps Where shall we look for another take its place?

There follows a masterly sett forth of the claim of Christianity, a the answer which it gives to the sear for world order. Both the "oth worldly" and the "this worldly" si of the Gospel message are given th due place. Nothing is more need to-day than the preservation of t balance. It is only when the "oth worldly" side is kept full in view th we shall be saved from imagining th the creation of a social Utopia is t beginning and the end of the Gos of Jesus Christ. On the other hand mere personal soul-saving pietism t often has blinded the eyes of men the challenge of slums and unempl ment, of international rivalries, and cut-throat competition, and has f gotten the command "to love t neighbour as thyself."

In his chapter on Christianity as t basis of reconstruction, the Bishop de

ly but firmly with the views of . H. G. Wells in his demand for a laration of the rights of man, and kes it clear that no such declaration f any avail without the awakening Faith, "of an unflinching belief in d and an unlimited love of my ghbour." The Bishop is outken in his demand that if the urch is to accomplish this awakening, re must be great effort towards the ievement of Unity, and also farching reforms in many directions, least within the Church of England.

The facts of the advance of the urch in recent years set forth in the pter entitled "The Growing urch" will surprise and encourage ders not acquainted with the results missionary efforts, which in the past ve been either despised or unnoticed the average man. On one point we h that the writer could have found ce to be a little more explanatory. the beginning of Sect. V of Chapter I we feel he may be misunderstood en he says that uniformity of belief undesirable as well as impossible to ure. While agreeing that immediate eement appears at present unainable and that a vast amount can once be done in common Christian blic action, it is surely true that there st be a solid central core of Christian ief which in a re-united Church will uniformly accepted.

Men of goodwill are asking what we st do. There is a double answer, nely, conversion and prayer and owship on one hand, and wise nning on a world-wide scale on the er. Practical suggestions are given the last chapter which deserve reful and sympathetic consideration.

THE ADVANCE OF THE FUNGI, by E. C. Large. *Cape.* 18*s.*

Mr. E. C. Large has followed two successful novels with a book of far greater importance. In this he gives us romance in place of fiction, the romance of man's endeavour to resist the advance of plant disease from the time of the potato famine in Ireland a hundred years ago down to the 1939 display at Chelsea when Dr. Redcliffe Salaman staged the exhibit of the Potato Virus Research Station at Cambridge. Here are four hundred and fifty pages dealing with scientific experiments, omitting no long unfamiliar word that may claim a place and yet, *mirabile dictu*, readable to laymen. He appraises the work of great masters of research like Anton de Bary, Pasteur who exploded the spontaneous generation theory, Dr. Sédillot, Darwin and others, but finds time to smile at the egregious Lyon Playfair who announced when exhibiting the synthesis of water to Queen Victoria that oxygen and hydrogen would have the honour of combining in her royal presence.

He tells how oidium of vines was cured by sulphur and reviews the long struggle against bunt and rust in wheat, suggesting that the blasting and mildew referred to in Deuteronomy 28 almost certainly included bunt, while rust was known to the Romans. Prévost's simple discovery of the value of copper acetate is quoted as one example of help that has come to mankind by chance.

We find exciting suggestions of relations between plant diseases and those that attack mankind, necessarily vague hints of a synthesis that awaits establishment. Mr. Large sets out the story

of the loss that mankind has suffered through diseases of wheat and potatoes, coffee, vines, and peaches, to name the worst victims and it is interesting to learn that the discovery of a remedy for Potato Blight in Ireland was made by Mr. Marshall Ward when working on the leaf disease of coffee in Ceylon.

Mr. Large holds that by 1885 there had been 40 years of plague, plague among silkworms, potatoes, hops and vines, cattle, sheep and salmon. During the eighties the U.S.A. set up Agricultural Experimental Stations, a Board of Agriculture was established at home, in Bordeaux the famous Mixture, discovered by happy chance saved vines and potatoes, Pasteur's work led to the conquest of anthrax. Bacteria were recognized as the cause of many infectious diseases of man, and fungi as a first cause of plant trouble. Mr. Large touches upon Jensen's theories, tells how copper saved the grapes of America and how "whiskey money" put English elementary agricultural education on its feet in 1890. It is all enthralling and his survey of the fashion in which successive English Governments have played fast and loose with agriculture will be welcome to those who dislike spineless policies.

Referring to the "Rape of the Earth" theory, i.e., exhaustion of the fertility of the soil, he is prepared to dismiss it but without adequate reasons. It is noteworthy that Paul Ehrlich's salvarsan led to Dr. Riehm's Chlorophenol Mercury prescription for seed grain. Wart disease, silverleaf, gooseberry mildew and diseases of tobacco, sugar cane, tea, tomato and oranges are all discussed in turn and the author admits that many are latter-day troubles. He comments on the attitude of the trade towards remedies offered farmers and growers and tells h combines have cornered supplies fixed prices to exploit national ne For example, mercurial dusts w required to control Leaf Stripe disea and were sold at 2s. a pound; t active compound in the material so ethyl, tolyl or phenyl mercuric aceta was charged at the rate of nea £9,000 a ton!

Mr. Large may claim to have writt a book without a dull page but he h not tackled one important questi and has ignored one great authorit He might have considered whether all life be one life differing only manifestation, all disease may be o disease in varied forms; I think his pag offer grounds for this belief. Finall he has never heard of Dr. Rud Steiner or has elected to forget hi an amazing error, for his teachin unlock many a door still closed orthodox scientists.

S. L. Bensusan.

THE CHRIST AT CHARTRES, Denis Saurat. *Dent.* 4*s.*

Denis Saurat is one of Europe choice spirits. Professor of French London and now Director of the Frenc Institute, he is known to a small circl also as an exquisite metaphysician wit a psychological and religious insight a unique order. Above all, it may b said that he is one of those rare mind who understands humanity because h understands Europe, and Europe becaus he understands France. This book about a little suspected layer in th soul of the French, but it is a laye which runs, like a geological stratu across natural and cultural boundarie So it is a book about man—at any rat

ut European man—not a philo-
hical or scientific essay, but some
gious convictions about the ultimate
ure of existence, communicated to
author by people he has known.

'he theme is set around the doctrine
urined in the sculpture of the *Creation*
Adam in Chartres Cathedral, wherein
l the Creator is unmistakably depicted
Christ the Saviour. The Creator is
ealed in the Redeemer, God who
omes man and saves man by suffering
death. The Christ is therefore the
tre of all things and of all time,
cisely because He is not *of* them,
that out of which they proceed.
l time proceeds in two directions

> The conception of Christ as being the entre of time implies a capacity in time o unfold backwards, since Christ appears o us to have lived some time from about .D. 0 to A.D. 33. From the birth or onception or incarnation of Christ to the eginning of the world time flows back-ards; from Christ to us it flows forward.

s is a French official declaring his
h; the same is told of the old
hedral canon whose meditation on
ist the Creator has more theological
ality in one line than all the modern
le books on religion and big ones
together. He says :

> If you bang a gong the sound flows in all irections; it does not come from the left, ater the gong, and then flow to the right. hus Creation speaks before and after, round Christ, and around every moment f B.C. and every moment A.D.

his sense of creation as making
e through its centre in Christ, is the
kground for the two other main
chings in the book. There is first
fact that the outwardly ordinary
nchmen who speak to Saurat have
owledge of past history as if it were
their own. Whether this is to be accounted for by re-incarnation or by the collective unconscious, as moderns would explain them, the authenticity of the experiences is manifest. The official finds himself singing an old song with a completely unintelligible word which is discovered by an expert to mean 'again'; he also knows himself as a murderer of Asia Minor during the Gauls' invasion of Asia Minor. The atheist peasant cries out when he sees Jesus Christ, but does not believe in Him; the university Professor discovers Christ after visions of all the abstract gods of the human race.

The author confesses himself "knocked out" by some of these revelations. Rightly, he does not try to find or give explanations. He knows that religious truth is not an explanation but a fact with which one has just got to come to terms—its terms. But there is another set of deliverances which enlarge or fill out these staggering accounts. "Each soul is a drop of Christ's blood, thrown into the body out of the living heart" or "all men are at the Passion; all men help to crucify Christ, actively, passively, or in sympathy with Christ." It is the doctrine of Creation through crucifixion and resurrection, and it is brought to a point at the end of the book in the incident where a sick man sees outside himself the personified embodiment of his own hatreds. He opened his heart to it "and the little evil spirit, instead of growing and exploding, dissolved and went back into the human heart he had come from, and all his dreadful force was mingled with the great force of Christ flowing through the heart, and made it even greater." What about that to enliven the dreary lessons on

turning evil into good to which we are accustomed?

Professor Saurat holds that these beliefs represent a deep, hidden foundation of the soul in Frenchmen and even Englishmen, and that here is the source of spiritual vitality for national recovery. It is significant that his appreciation of the force of Christian and pre-Christian elements comes at a time when history has completed the liquidation of French rationalism; it is still more significant that a man of culture and *esprit* should have announced his discovery of 'the centrality of Christ' at a time when he is undertaking great public responsibilities. and giving lectures at the Institute on subjects ranging from military tactics to the spiritual foundations of civilization.

V. A. DEMANT.

KILVERT'S DIARY, Volume III, edited and introduced by William Plomer. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Seldom, judging by contemporary evidence, can a country parson's death have caused so sincere and widespread grief as that of the Rev. Francis Kilvert, who was struck down by a brief and fatal illness while still in the prime of life. Assiduous in the duties of his calling, Kilvert was a true shepherd of his people, rejoicing with them in their joys, and condoling with them in their sorrows. Yet we, in a sense, have a better opportunity of knowing him intimately than had most of those with whom, some sixty years since, he walked the world; for we have access to his voluminous Diary, and they had not.

Kilvert's attitude to life was curiously compounded of romance and realism. Keenly susceptible to beauty, in nat art and the human form, he love explore the countryside on foot, abs ing impressions by the way. Of spots he could not write wit emotion, his birthplace, Hardenhu and the striking region of Abere "Oh Aberedw, Aberedw, would G might dwell and die by thee! I n pass the enchanted gorge and look through the magic gateway with seeming to be looking in at the g of Paradise, just left ajar." On other hand he has passages, often great beauty, in which the landscap described with studied particular He was happiest at Clyro, in Radn shire, where the neighbourhood of Black Mountain, on which once los his way he was fain to stay his hun by chewing dock leaves, affords in r or shine or snow the most varied eff of scenery.

The same two qualities perva Kilvert's attitude to women. He covered a queen of hearts in ev good-looking girl he met; yet wo sometimes dilate on their phys charms in a fashion reminiscent of *Song of Solomon.* He was perpetua falling in and out of love. Th affairs are described so fully that it tantalizing to find the Diary end before the advent of the lady w became his wife, of whom, consequent we only know the name; while Da Thomas, "Kathleen Mavourneen," E Meredith Brown and Florence Hil all adored in their turn—appear in t diary as living, breathing creatures.

But it must not be inferred that t Diary is a mere Cowleian "Chronicl of loves. The diarist had an insatiab curiosity about the past, and glean much in that field from his eld

ishioners. Priscilla Price, for instance, been in service in London at the e of Gerge IV's coronation and his sort's attempt at being crowned. hat night there was a great illumin-n. Those who took the King's part lights in their windows, and those took the Queen's part put none." their master's absence the maids not know which to do, but at last up lights. "But when Squire inson came home from Brighton t night, he told us to take them vn again, saying he wasn't going to it up for *him*." There was much ishing of windows that night by l mobs.

hen there is the old farm labourer's y of the oxen. "I was watching m on Old Christmas Eve, and at two ock the oxen that were standing lt down upon their knees, and those t were lying down rose up on their es, and there they stayed kneeling l moaning, the tears running down ir faces," a version of the legend t would have delighted Thomas rdy, who wrote a memorable poem the same subject.

H. C. MINCHIN.

ATH AT SEA, by Frederic Prokosch *hatto & Windus.* 6*s.*

NG AND IDEA, by Richard Eberhart. *hatto & Windus.* 6*s.*

ETS OF TOMORROW, Second Selec-ion Cambridge Poetry, 1940. *The logarth Press.* 6*s.*

AR POEMS, With Some others, by ord Rennell of Rodd. *Edward rnold.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

These four books are a relief after the uperior" and over-political poets ical of the 'thirties.' I have not read Mr. Prokosch's two previous volumes, but his opening poem in this book, "Sunburned, Ulysses," I knew and admired. It loses nothing from a rereading, being a sharp and brilliant character-sketch of the world's most famous traveller. And indeed in the second poem, "The Campaign," which must surely describe the war in Finland, he conveys equally well the feelings of the soldier victims, anonymous protagonists in that heroic tragedy.

Of the general quality of *Death at Sea* the effect for me was one of controlled and mature music. There is a limpidity, almost a fluidity of phrase, side by side with a technically formal beauty. His poems, set in a minor key, are like the slow movements of sad, yet sombrely glowing symphonies, for his theme is the plight of the individual against the present cosmic horror. He has a cosmic vision, an historical sense, objectivity, and a great felicity of epithet, the Adriatic's "sucking shores," "thorny Snowdon," the "baffling planets." His poems, though deeply moving, yet embody the whole vision of a detached spectator. His poetry seems to me beautiful and important.

Unfortunately, I have little space for quotation, but in such poems as "War of Nerves", "Fever", "The Festival" (the metre is that of Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyâm) and "The Victims" Mr. Prokosch faces squarely "the evil implicit in our age" with a directness and colour reminiscent at times of Baudelaire. In "The Reapers", a very beautiful poem, he shows us modern chaotic sorrow contrasted with lucid classic grief.

I think of the little old men crouching
beside the waters

> And cursing, and the women passing with
> their vermilion bowls,
> The stony silence of the sons, and the
> wailing of the daughters.

Mr. Eberhart's is a much more personal poetry. His voice is remarkable, individual, honest, austere. There is great spiritual beauty in these poems. He has something in common with the seventeenth century metaphysicals. In his new book *Song and Idea* he is largely concerned with death and corruption, with physical decay, as with the transience of the loving and the lovely. In "The Virgin" and "When Golden Flies Upon My Carcass Come" he has certainly considered the fly and the earthworm. But his is essentially a religious voice and it is perhaps no mere accident that his technique is often under the influence of the Jesuit, Gerard Manley Hopkins. This sometimes results—though, in images too tightly tumultuous through a certain straining after effect, with the bad result of obscurity. Yet in the collection are lucid poems which sing, such as "Orchard," "Rumination," "When Doris Danced" and a lovely "Recollection Of Childhood."

The eleven young Cambridge poets represented in *Poets of Tomorrow* offer encouragement for the future of poetry. The influences we should expect are here, Auden's in the single poem "On An Engraving By Albert Dürer" by John Bateman, Yeats' in the work of Maurice James Craig, and Hopkins' technique again, turned to good account, in "The Calm Breaks" and "Salmon" by Jock Moreton, the last an excellently lively poem. Throughout this volume there is less insistence on the political note than readers of modern poetry have drearily learnt to recognize, a return to careful and simple craftsmanship, and in the work of Mr. Moreton, Nicholas Moore, Terence Tiller and others to visual beauty:

> The sun that rises on the shaggy mountain
> Lending a cool look to the light blue eyes . . .
>
> Record the scarlet clouds of dawn,
> Tender as the tips of a woman's breast . .

and

> The grecian tulip and the gothic rose
> Flower to deceive us; limbs age with fruits.

The function of poetry is not primarily a question of interpreting an age; it is a question of dreams and music and a pattern of perfection. Although a good poet may reflect his age, he will certainly transcend it.

My last book is a slender sheaf of poems, mostly patriotic, by Lord Rennell of Rodd. In these *War Poems* our former Ambassador to Rome, who has passed his eightieth year, states simply that "in default of active service" his feelings find natural expression in verse. I liked the spirit of these poems. They are as sincere, idealistic and stirring as their technique is competent.

JOSEPH BRADDOCK.

THE JUDICIOUS MARRIAGE OF MR. HOOKER, by C. J. Sisson. *Cambridge University Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

TWO GENERATIONS, by Osbert Sitwell. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*

In his most interesting Preface to this book Professor Sisson expresses his regret that the outbreak of war has prevented him from making further investigations which he had in mind, for University College, London, has now transferred itself to the West of Wales. But for anyone except the most

punctilious there can be nothing but complete satisfaction with all that the Professor here lays before us. His account of the marriage of Hooker and of the publication of his *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity* is done with a thoroughness that a German pundit would approve of, and with the lightness that a French writer would acclaim.

The circumstances of Hooker's life have hitherto been misrepresented because old Izaak Walton's good intentions were not based on trustworthy data. There has consequently been a cloud over Hooker's wife and her father, which Professor Sisson now sweeps away, and if it is feared that such things must be dull to read of, let me say that in Professor Sisson's hand it is full of excitement. The sidelights he throws upon publishers of the period and affairs in general are most attractive. As for the writing of Hooker's monumental work, which was aimed against Geneva, not against Rome, four to five years had to be devoted to the vast reading, study and discussion that must have gone to the formulation of the general plan of the book as a whole, together with the actual writing of the first four Books of the Generalities.

Hooker was fortunate in finding those who helped to have the book published, but he was extremely conscious of the burden laid upon him. This we see from the words which he appended to the second instalment: "To the Reader. Have patience with me for a small time, and by the helpe of Almightie God I will pay the whole." This he never did, but his monument, like Wren's, remains, and if less regarded nowadays it is also less vulnerable.

An ecclesiastical atmosphere also pervades a good deal of Mr. Sitwell's book, which consists of the memoirs and the diary of two ladies who were members of his family. Georgiana Sitwell, born in 1824, wrote when she was an old lady, while Florence Sitwell, born in 1858, kept a diary during her impressionable years, from 1873 to 1877. She is thus at a disadvantage as against her relative, apart from the fact that Victorianism at its most deadly period enveloped her. She appears to be continually going to and from church; in vain does one long for her to kick over the traces.

When Miss Sitwell and her mother went abroad, accompanied by an Archdeacon, who now and then held for them and the maid a private service, we get occasional glimpses that show how far we ourselves have travelled from those days. "In the evening," she says, "we were singing some hymns to the piano in the Reading Room (at their hotel at Cannes) when an old gentleman came in and told us it was the custom of the hotel." So it is not surprising to hear that the diarist loves a London Sunday and that she strongly disapproved of a male relative who perpetrated "a horrid joke about the Millenium."

As for the memoirs of Georgiana, she too was much concerned with the Church—"as we grew a little older we were expected to remember and to write down something of the sermon"—but she is not above relating matters of which the Church disapproved, such as an account of a certain beautiful Miss Manners, said to be an illegitimate daughter of a Duke of Rutland, who married one of the innumerable Sitwells. She is reported to have been repentant of her own past life, which had not been occupied in learning how to read and write. Talking of the annual school

feast Georgiana tells us that her mother and the teachers were scandalized at the conduct of a girl brazen enough to have artificial flowers in her bonnet, and almost as much scandalized by another young woman who, arriving in boots she had stolen, was marched off by a constable.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

LONDON FRONT, by F. Tennyson Jesse and H. M. Harwood. *Constable.* 12*s.*

This is the book for all who *meant* to keep a diary of the war. The events recorded, receding into perspective, are still too close to the immediate future to be seen in anything like their final proportions. Therefore it seems important at this stage to recall not merely what happened but one's own emotional responses. And, checking remembered reactions against a series of contemporaneous letters such as these is a salutary exercise.

It should be explained that Miss F. Tennyson Jesse and her husband, Mr. H. M. Harwood, chose eight distinguished Americans to receive or to share the correspondence, among them the astronomer, Dr. Edwin Hubble and Sam Behrman, the playwright. The period is August, 1939 to July, 1940 and the reliving is mostly pain. But with these two partners it is never dull. Their distinctive characteristics give it a last polish and there is no need to turn to the end of a letter to see if the signature will be Fryn or Tottie. The latter (Mr. Harwood to you) is concise, downright, terse and often deadly in his criticism. Miss Jesse's downrightness is more impetuous, she is never concise, and her criticisms though emphatic are not so deadly. Fundamentally, however, their principles are at one with each other.

Viewed as a whole, the letters are a strange mixture of liberal-mindedness and intransigence. It would be hard, for instance, to find a more liberty loving couple with such a narrow conception of what they believe to be the causes of the war.

They are too ready to assume that Germany must be crushed because Germans are inherently bad, too loth to admit that people in other countries may have been partly responsible for Hitler's rise. There are clichés in the book, on fighting like gentlemen, on Edward VIII, on conscription for dukes and barbers (though it's usually dustmen). There is some superficial thinking too. When Miss Jesse says that if the small neutrals had come in with us at first they would have made it clear to the world that they had nothing to fear from England and France, she ignores the truism that apparently the neutrals thought they *had* something to fear. When Mr. Harwood says that "Indians are allowed to think, say and write what they like just about the same as the English" he overlooks the fact, with all its implications, that millions of Indians are illiterate. And frankly, in the shadow of that ruined new world which was to come after the last war, the impression Miss Jesse gives on page 385, that England's only sin was to drop conscription, is revolting.

The dangers of prophecy are demonstrated here and there. The early letters seem more than tinged with the fear that we should make peace with Germany so that together we might fight Russia. Italy and Spain are coupled on page 409 as possible enemies (incidentally Mr. Clive Brook has long

since lost his ten bob). Well, we shall see if the second part of this speculation will come true and, meanwhile, there is Garibaldi's curse, as Miss Jesse says, to make the Italians shiver, There are some good stories in the letters which call forth a chuckle. The digressions on cats, crime and goldfish fit quite well into the book's pattern, as does the American standpoint expressed in the answers to the letters which occasionally appear.

So, if the teeth are sometimes set on edge, the mind is stimulated by the challenge. To say that this could have been a better book would be foolish since it would only mean that one desired a book completely in accord with one's own views. And this is not to be expected.

GEA MORRIS.

WAR ON LAND, by James Holland. *Puffin Picture Books.* 6*d.*

WAR AT SEA, by James Holland. *Puffin Picture Books.* 6*d.*

WAR IN THE AIR, by James Gardner. *Puffin Picture Books.* 6*d.*

ON THE FARM, by James Gardner. *Puffin Picture Books.* 6*d.*

Penguins, Pelicans and now Puffins. Men and women of this generation owe much to Mr. Allen Lane of Penguin Books Ltd., for his enterprise and determination in supplying good literature, good entertainment and good thinking in small attractive doses at sixpence a time. It is now the turn of the children and Mr. Noel Carrington, the editor of this series, has explained that the first four "put into concrete form an ideal which I have had in mind ever since I saw the first Soviet books

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for children a good many years ago."

It was perhaps inevitable in these bellicose days that the first three of these books with their tremendously attractive coloured pictures should be designed, practically exclusively, for the little boy. Mr. Carrington, no doubt, has an eye on the bigger boy as well, for it is hard to see the fourteen-year-old passing these books by, even if the letterpress is a little young for him. But it is disappointing, perhaps, to find the fourth book, *On the Farm*, addressed also to the boy. The opening bird's eye picture of the farm fills me with delight and is enough surely to encourage any little miss to be a land girl and then a farmer's wife. However, the rest of the book is very practical and little girls, who still have the consolation of knowing that they are made of sugar and spice, and all things nice, in contrast with the ingredients of their detestable little brothers, must wait. Mr. Carrington certainly has the ability and the artists to oblige them.

HARRAP'S SHORTER FRENCH AND ENGLISH DICTIONARY, edited by J. E. Mansion. Vol. I. French-English. *Harrap.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Those who coveted the great Standard French and English Dictionary, which Messrs. Harrap tell us took 20 years to compile and cost over £60,000 to produce, and yet could not afford to possess it, will welcome with a great shout the abridged edition which now makes its first bow with Vol. I, French-English. In the abridged edition a successful attempt has been made to bring all words which may be needed by the general reader into the comparatively small compass of close on 700 pages. A word should be said at once for the general appearance of the volume, for dictionaries have a habit of being either unwieldy and large or short and stout, and in both cases they are difficult to handle. But the Harrap volume before us opens flat, is as comfortable to handle as an ordinary sized novel and is printed in such excellent clear types that looking for words is practically a pleasure. The dictionary actually contains 31,550 words or rather more than half the number contained in Part I of the Standard work. It is in addition entirely up to date, archaic usuage being supplanted by modern forms. Mr. Mansion and Messrs Harrap are to be congratulated on a worthy task, most ably and agreeably executed at a difficult time.

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